

Shazun



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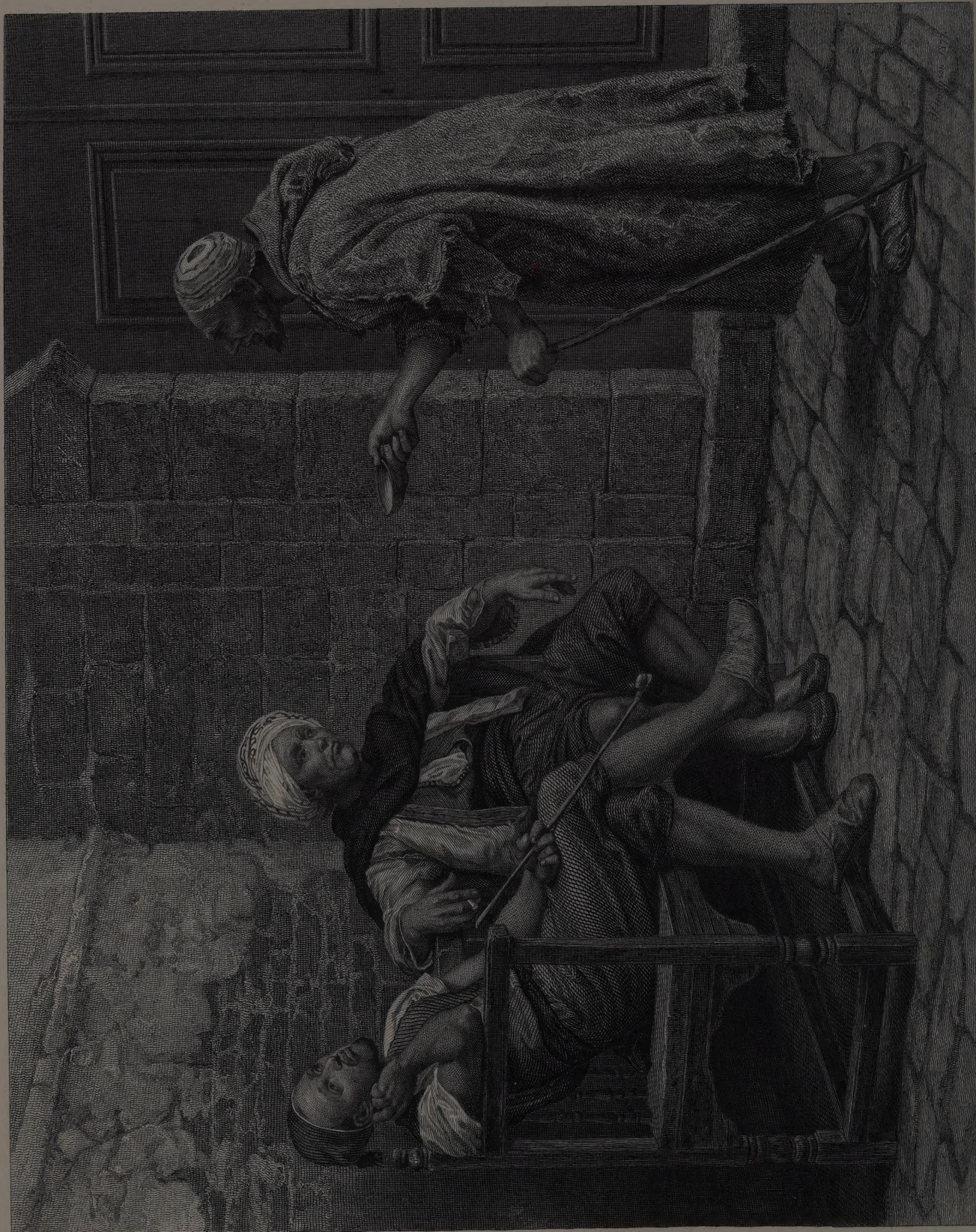
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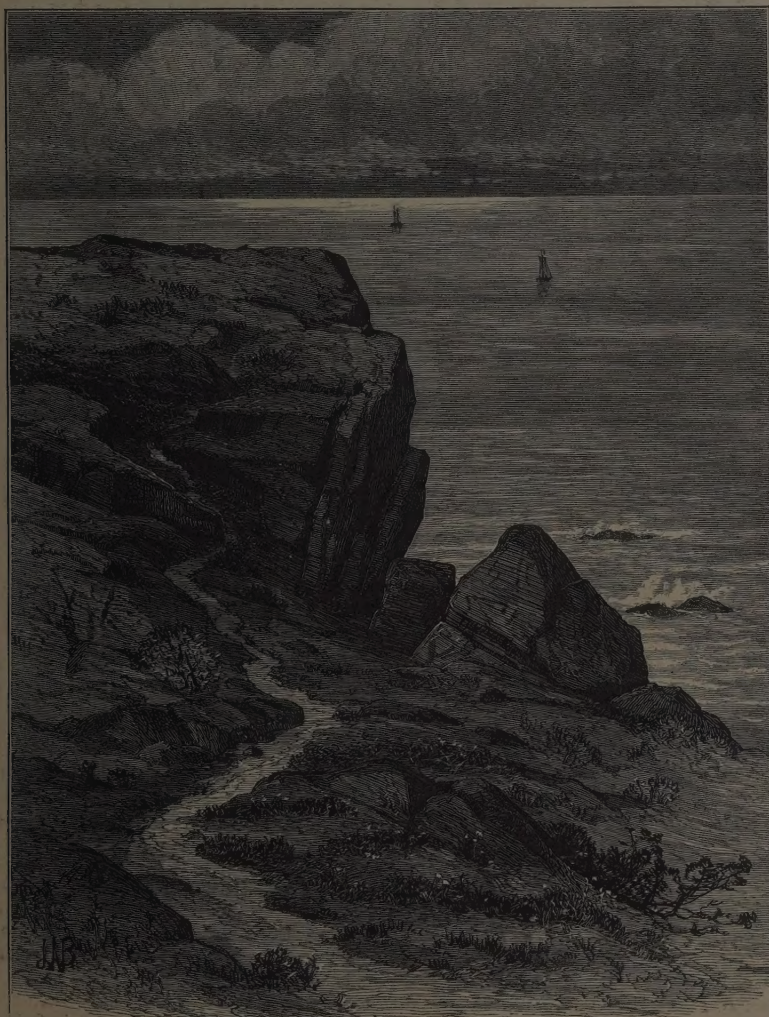


LANDSCAPE IN AMERICAN POETRY.

FROM DRAWINGS BY J. APPLETON BROWN.

IV.

SOUTHWARD from the granite bluffs, the deep, rocky gorges and sandy coves of Cape Ann, in Massachusetts—a region concerning which many a legend has been woven into the songs of our poets—beyond the rugged cliffs of Marblehead, and the broken shores of Swampscott, the peninsula of Nahant reaches by its beach-causeway into the sea—a long, yellow finger poising



"I lay upon the headland height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea."

LONGFELLOW'S "*Palingenesis*."

a rough emerald on its tip—two emeralds, rather—for there is a Great Nahant and a Little Nahant. The grandeur of the sea-views, and the wild beauty of the shores, as well as the near neighbourhood of the city of Boston, have always attracted visitors to the place, which has now grown into a suburban village, a summer resort more and more thronged every year.

Prominent among the distinguished people who for many years made this their retreat during the heated months, are the names of

Agassiz and Longfellow. The latter is at present of especial interest to us, because of songs of his which reveal unmistakably the inspiration of winds and waves that beat against the storm-worn buttresses of Nahant. But the memory of his great-hearted friend and neighbour, the world-renowned naturalist, resounds through the hoarse moan of the surges, in the poet's lines:—

"I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage-door.

The rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean-floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me:
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more?"

The sorrow of earth blends all too readily with the eternal sadness of the sea, and, when the pain of bereavement has pierced to the inmost being, visions appear, memories arise, and the wide green earth and the grey blank of ocean are each but as a canvas for pictures thrilled into life by that awakening—beautiful, tender, and solemn as the infinite mysteries wherewith life is surrounded.



"It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, 'O Bird, awake and sing!'"
LONGFELLOW'S "Daybreak."

Some magician's wand seems moving among the mists and clouds of the far horizon, evoking phantasmal colours and outlines from the gleaming expanse, as we read "Palingenesis":—

"I lay upon the headland height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed, and fled, and glistened
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

"Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

"A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

"'Oh, give me back,' I cried, 'the vanished splendours,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife

When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channels, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!"

"And the sea answered with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
'Alas! thy youth is dead!'"

Longfellow gives us other touches of the sea-feeling which has stirred his thoughts to expression in this locality, less overpowering in their pathos, yet all profoundly sympathetic with the unrest which is one of the chief fascinations of ocean-scenery. From the headlands of Nahant he has listened to the bells of Lynn; and he sings:—

"O curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day!
O Bells of Lynn!"

"From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted
Your sounds aerial seem to float,
O Bells of Lynn!"

"The fisherman in his boat far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore,
O Bells of Lynn!"

"Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call,
O Bells of Lynn !

"And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands and shout to you,
O Bells of Lynn !"

Farther up the shore—yet not many miles farther—is the view
the poet looked out upon from beside "The Fire of Driftwood"—
of the roofs and steeples of Marblehead, and the surrounding
sea :—

"We sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

"Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town ;
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

"We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room ;
Our faces faded from the sight ;
Our voices only broke the gloom.

"The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark ;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

"Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire,
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

"And, as their splendour flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main ;
Of ships dismasted that were hailed,
And sent no answer back again."

As there is something indescribably delicious in the blending of
sea-scents with inland odours from forest, meadow, and garden,
so there are poems and pictures throughout which the atmosphere
of wave and shore is marvellously interfused, giving us a sense
of deep sweetness in wide breathing-room—the delight, almost, of
entering into a new existence. Longfellow's "Daybreak" is one
of these :—

"A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, 'O Mists, make room for me !'

"It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone !'



"The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,"
LONGFELLOW'S "It is not always May."

"It said unto the forest, 'Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out !'

"It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, 'O Bird, awake and sing !'

"It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, 'Not yet ! In quiet lie !'"

The poem ends with the inevitable sadness, but what glory of
unimaginable dawn is hidden in that "Not yet !"
We turn from the gloom of the night-enfolded sea to songs of

the fair, blooming land, and to never-wearying portrayals of spring,
glad to refresh ourselves with suggestions of green fields and run-
ning streams, even though reminded that—

"It is not always May."

Here, again, it is Longfellow who charms us with a glimpse of
the awakening year :—

"The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebirds prophesying spring.

"So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

"All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest;
And e'en the nest beneath the eaves—
There are no birds in last year's nest!"

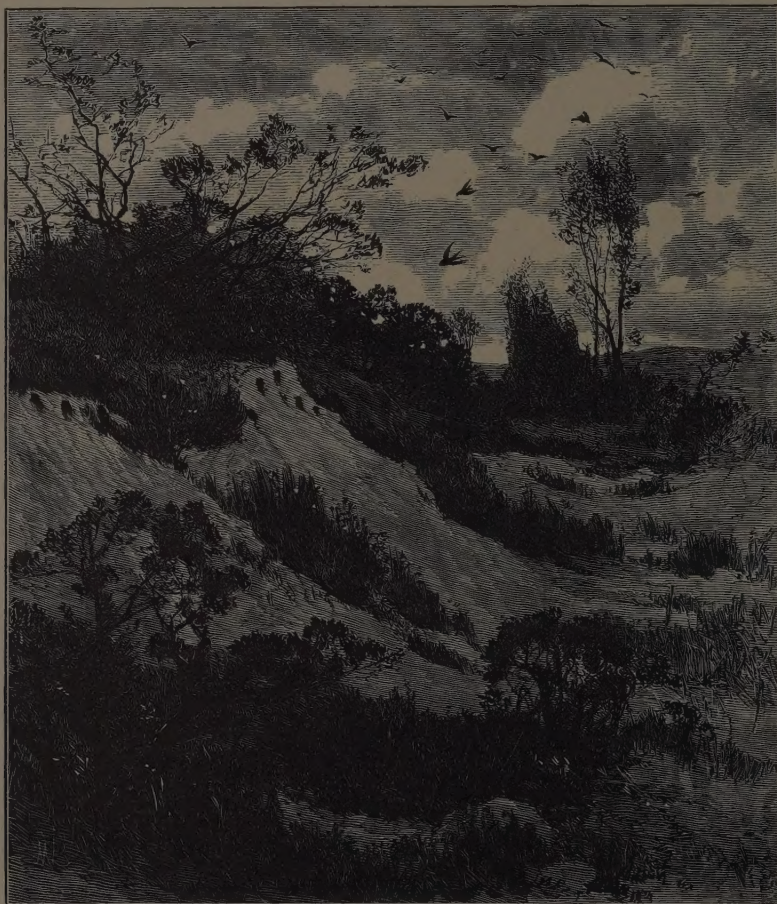
Spring landscapes open on the pages of all our poets, although, writing from New England latitudes, many of them can but repeat the unwilling, half-withdrawn promise with which that season approaches us. Certain it is that—

"The spring comes slowly up this way,"
and Lowell is justified in his assertion that—

"May is a pious fraud of the almanac."

Perhaps most of our poets look for her too early, accepting the traditional May-day of milder climates; for one cannot confidently say that spring is here until just as May is passing into June. But all the more stimulating to the imagination are the lovely days that suddenly gleam in upon us after long delays and tantalising disappearances—such mornings as Longfellow has sung of:—

"O gift of God! O perfect day,
Whereon shall no man work, but play!"



"Gossiping out of the bank flew myriad twittering swallows;
And on the boughs of the sycamores quarrelled and chattered the blackbirds."

HOWELLS'S "The Movers."

When on it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be!
Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!"

A spring-picture without birds would be very incomplete. But see them and hear them in the opening verses of the "Birds of Killingworth:"—

"It was the season when, through all the land,
The merle and mavis build; and, building, sing
Those lovely lyrics written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the spring;

And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

"The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamoured their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said,
'Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!'

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day,
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm, the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food:—

The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city—
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul :—

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even,
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven."

Longfellow's tender and graceful fancies are as enchanting as the notes of singing-birds from many lands; and the scenery of his verse is equally varied. There is scarcely a country which is not made more beautiful to us by some song of his. One travels as on a sunbeam, in his poetry, from the stormy Scandinavian fiords to the gleaming Rhine, and the bright waters of the Mediterranean, or across our own wide continent—the home of Hiawatha and the scene of Evangeline's wanderings; and every American is proud of the world-wide recognition his exquisite minstrelsy has deservedly received.

Not many of our poets have written of the West from the out-

look of a residence there; but one of them—Howells—is the author of some very charming poems illustrative of that region. If these have sometimes been overlooked, it is, perhaps, because of his fame as a still more charming novelist than poet. His "Movers" has something of the pensive sweetness of "Hermann and Dorothea." It is the story of a family leaving their old home, and emigrating yet farther westward :—

" Parting was over at last, and all the good-byes had been spoken ;
Up the long hillside-road the white-tented wagon moved slowly,
Bearing the mother and children, while onward before them the father
Trudged with his gun on his arm, and the faithful house-dog beside
him,
Grave and sedate, as if knowing the sorrowful thoughts of his master.

Sweet was the smell of the dewy leaves and the flowers in the wild-
wood ;

Fair the long reaches of sun and shade in the aisles of the forest ;
Glad of the spring, and of love, and of morning, the wild-birds were
singing ;



" O blossoms that hang like winter,
Drifted upon the trees,
O birds that sing in the blossoms,
O blossom-haunting bees !"
HOWELLS'S "Spring-time."

Jays to each other called harshly, then mellowly fluted together ;
Sang the oriole songs as golden and gay as his plumage ;
Pensively piped the querulous quails their greetings unfrequent ;

Gossiping out of the bank flew myriad twittering swallows ;
And on the boughs of the sycamores quarrelled and chattered the
blackbirds."

The brightness and freshness of that Western April dawn, and
the picturesque group gazing upon their old home from the hill-
top, make a pastoral sketch full of lovely local colour :—

" Long together they gazed on the beautiful valley before them,
Looked on the well-known fields that stretched away to the wood-
lands,
Where, in the dark lines of green, showed the milk-white crest of the
dogwood,
Snow of wild-plums in bloom, and the crimson tints of the red-bud—
Looked on the pasture-fields, where the cattle were leisurely grazing ;
Soft, and sweet, and thin, came the faint, far notes of the cow-bells—
Looked on the oft-trodden lanes, with their elder and blackberry
borders,

Looked on the orchard, a bloomy sea, with its billows of blossoms.
Fair was the scene, yet suddenly strange, and all unfamiliar,
As are the faces of friends when the word of farewell has been
spoken.

Long together they gazed ; then at last on the little log-cabin,
Home for so many years, now home no longer forever,
Rested their tearless eyes in the silent rapture of anguish."

As English verse blossoms with hawthorn-hedgerows, and
makes us familiar with spring-time in the mother-country, although
we may never have seen it, so our poets delight in the roadside
glory of apple-orchards in bloom, concerning which they can never
be too eloquent. Bryant's "Planting of the Apple-Tree" hints it
all, and these stanzas from Howells's "Spring-time" give us a
glimpse of the rose-tinted May splendour, with which most read-
ers are familiar :—

" Behold the wonder, O silence !
Strange as if wrought in a night,
The waited and lingering glory,
The world-old, fresh delight !

" O blossoms that hang like winter,
 Drifted upon the trees,
 O birds that sing in the blossoms,
 O blossom-haunting bees—

" O green, green leaves in the branches,
 O shadowy dark below,
 O cool of the aisles of orchards,
 Woods that the wild-flowers know—

" O air of gold and perfume,
 Wind, breathing sweet, and sun—
 O sky of perfect azure—
 Day, heaven, and earth, in one !"

It is no wonder that the poets, from Chaucer to our own time—childlike old Chaucer, with his hands full of daisies, and his heart dancing to the motion of the tremulous, "glad, light-green" leaves of the bursting forest-boughs—should sing, as the birds do their sweetest songs, when filled with the ecstasy of spring. On their pages one usually finds more satisfactory pictures of the season than on canvas; for what pigment can reproduce the inundating sunshine, almost without shadow, or the floods of woodland melody from brook, and bird, and breeze, which are the life of the lovely time? And, for contrasts of blooming freshness with the pallor and darkness of winter—the glow against the chill—we look to no region of perpetual spring, but to the north, where song is an ever-repeated resurrection in the singer's heart, that knows no more of age than the new-born year.

LUCY LARCOM.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL: RESTORED AND UNRESTORED.*

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED RIMMER.

II.—THE INTERIOR. PART II.

WE may now proceed to enter the Choir, where the woodwork of the stalls will at once arrest attention. No such woodwork is to be found in any other English Cathedral. The nearest approach to rivalry with it on equal terms is in the Choir of Lincoln. The seats and stalls of the Choir had in recent years, as was said above, been brought beyond the Tower to the Western edge of the Nave. Now they have been moved eastwards, and are bounded by their proper limit, the Eastern side of the Tower. The heavy stone barrier has been altogether removed; but the return-stalls have been retained,—forming a Choir-screen of great beauty, with rich carved work above and light tracery below, and presenting no real barrier to the eye or the ear, either during Divine Service or at any time. The stall-work has not been altered, except by the removal of certain small dividing shafts, which were modern; but it has been carefully and minutely repaired.

Attention may now be given to the roof and to the floor of the Choir, each of which is characteristic, in a very strict sense, of the restored Cathedral.

The recent restoration has, as regards the Choir, been a considerable modification of that which took place about thirty-four years ago; and in no part of it is this more observable than in the roof. One portion of that former work of restoration had indeed consisted in the addition of an interior vaulting, below the external roof which alone there existed, the springers only showing what the original architects intended. But this vaulting was incorrect in its curves and depressing in its effect; it consisted, too, only of plaster between the ribs. Thus it was decided to supply a new interior roof of oak and of the proper form. The decoration of the roof, which has been accomplished since, is a cause of great satisfaction, in its harmony of colour and in combining with enrichment great lightness and cheerfulness of general effect. The subjects in the western part of the Choir, near to the organ and to the seats of the Lay Clerks and Choristers, are Angels with musical instruments. In the eastern bays are larger figures of the sixteen Prophets, each bearing a motto from his own prophecy.

The floor of the Choir, laid partly in marble and partly in tiles, contains round the Lectern heads of the Twelve Apostles; and in the corners of the wide Eastern space, below the steps, the heads of two Greek and two Latin Doctors, to symbolize that union of the Church which must be the object of our devout desire—Chrysostom as the representative of Preaching, Augustine of Theology, Athanasius of the Creeds, and Ambrose of Church Music. On

the broad space within the Communion Rails are delineations in marble of three scenes in the Jewish Passover.

What has just been described is new. So likewise are the Pulpit and the Bishop's Throne. The former, a gift from the Freemasons of Cheshire, is of oak, and is carved with representations in relief



Choir, from the extremity of its South Aisle.

of the building of the Jewish Temple, the preaching of St. John the Baptist, and the view of the Heavenly City in the Apocalypse. The latter is of woodwork similar in general character to that of the stalls, and contains seats for two chaplains, flanking the seat of the Bishop.

The Holy Table is made of wood from Palestine, and is deco-

* Concluded from page 67.

rated with carvings of the plants that are mentioned in the history of our Saviour's Passion.* In the Retable, which is constructed partially of the same wood, is a carefully designed and richly executed mosaic of the Last Supper.

The Sedilia, which have been restored at the cost of the Free-



Extremity of South Aisle of Choir.

masons of Lancashire, are full of interest, and are a curious link between the old and the new. It is a tradition that once these Sedilia belonged to St. John's Church in this city, which soon after the Norman Conquest was one of the Cathedral churches of the old line of Bishops of Coventry, Lichfield, and Chester; and certain it is that one of the canopies of this structure, which had long been missing, was recently found among the ruins of the old Choir of St. John's Church. Whatever may be the worth of this tradition, the restoration of these Sedilia would, if we could compare what they were with what they are, be seen to be a very remarkable work. Formerly the part above the canopies was truncated and flat. Now it rises up into a collection of light and beautiful pinnacles. The newly discovered fragment supplied part of the evidence on which the restoration proceeded.

Various portions of the restored Choir have been gifts from separate persons. It has been possible within these limits only to mention the most important. We turn to one of these larger gifts, when we direct our attention to the eastern termination of the South aisle of the Choir. The singular conical roof which crowns this part of the Cathedral on the outside has been mentioned in the previous paper. The whole fabric of this apsidal termination from foundation to summit has been adopted by the sons of the late T. Brassey, Esq., whose name is honoured throughout the industrial world, and especially in Cheshire, his native county. Coloured windows have been inserted, with subjects from the Old and New Testaments, illustrative of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Patience, and the heads of Bible Saints, with the same general reference, have been painted on the roof. The spaces below the windows are about to be decorated with rich Mosaics in memory of the late Mrs. Brassey. The subjects

selected are female characters from the Bible, Priscilla, Phœbe, and the Widow of Sarepta.

Two of the engravings which illustrate this paper have a close connection with the apsidal termination of this aisle. One is a view of part of the Choir and its woodwork as seen from within the apse. The other is a view of the apse itself. In the latter a curved line will be observed on the floor. This represents the ancient termination of the South aisle of the Choir, when the Church was Norman. There is a similar curve on the floor of the North aisle; and to this point we must cross over in order to appreciate more exactly certain changes which have taken place in this part of the Cathedral. If we move a little farther to the East, we can easily appreciate the changes which have taken place in the aisles of the Choir. Looking up to the roof, we see an abrupt alteration in the vaulting. This indicates the final prolongation of the aisle about the end of the fifteenth century. The history of these lateral parts of the Choir has three distinct periods. In the Norman time the aisles terminated in semicircular apses. In the fourteenth century they ended in semi-hexagonal apses; and the angle at which the sides went off from the main wall can still be seen at the point where we stand. It has been observed in the first of these papers that the form which existed at this period has now been reinstated in the south aisle, the part which corresponded with the still-remaining Eastern and later termination of the North aisle being denoted by a flagged space in the Churchyard.

But here attention must be called to a very serious structural change which took place coincidently with the last prolongation of the aisles. The external walls of the Lady Chapel becoming now internal walls, buttresses were removed, which diminished the safety of the building; and this safety was still further compromised by the cutting away of the walls below the two western windows on each side, so as to procure new entrances from the aisles into the Lady Chapel. On the South side the wall has been restored, with its buttresses in proper form. On



View of Interior from Eastern Cloister Door.

the North side the entrance to the Lady Chapel remains as before, but the buttress has been partially replaced, for the sake of mechanical support; and this, in fact, was the beginning of the recent restoration of Chester Cathedral. The writer of these pages has an affecting recollection of the time when, in con-

* An account of "The Communion Table in Chester Cathedral," with the accompanying embroidery, will be found in *Good Words* for September, November, and December, 1876.

templation of this work, he stood at this point (near the recumbent statue of Bishop Graham) with the late Sir Gilbert Scott, who pointed out that the first step to be taken must be the restoration of some part of the mechanical support which had been lost in this endangered part of the building.

The Lady Chapel, except as regards its windows, is not properly a part of our present subject. Its decoration, which is very beautiful, belongs to a partial restoration of an earlier date.* The eastern window, however, on the north side, and the three windows on the south side, have been reinstated in their true form;† and advantage has been taken of this alteration for the use of coloured glass in illustration of the Acts of the Apostles. Ten scenes from St. Peter's life are on the north, and thirty scenes from St. Paul's life on the south.

Retracing our steps now along this aisle to the west, and passing by "the Canons' Vestry," which has been restored, and where evidence has been obtained that in the Norman times it ended in a semicircular apse, we enter the Cloister by a door on the right. Here, for two reasons, we ought to pause a moment. In the first place, this door is Norman, and should be taken into consideration along with the Norman work in the North Transept, as already described, and in the north wall of the Nave, as indicated very clearly in the Cloister. In fact, though masonry of this date is scanty in Chester Cathedral, we have abundant evidence to show what the form and dimensions

of this church were in the reign of Henry I. But further, this point, when we emerge from the Cathedral, has this special interest for us, that it now affords to us an uninterrupted view, across the part under the Tower, to the very extremity of that South Transept which was entirely hid a few years ago.

This slight survey of the changes effected in Chester Cathedral between 1868 and 1876 must terminate in the Cloister, which we enter here, and which forms the natural connection between the interior and the exterior. One marked alteration has been accomplished within this enclosure itself by the restoration of the double arcade on the south. This part of the Cloister had been utterly destroyed and lost, with the exception of some small fragments, just sufficient to show its true form; and by its restoration the mechanical support was obtained which was necessary for the vaulting of the North aisle of the Nave. And one more instance of the recovery of what had been lost, in close connection with the Cloister, must be mentioned. This is the restoring of light and completion and usefulness to the old Fraternity of the Benedictine Monks, which used to be subdivided by brick walls, and filled with rubbish and consigned to darkness. Beyond this, on the North side of the Cloister, is the Refectory, one of the most interesting parts of the old monastic buildings connected with the Cathedral Church, but not yet restored. Like a considerable part of the South Transept, it waits for new enterprise and new funds.

THE FRESCOES IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.



HE most attractive new work of Art in Washington is the remarkable belt of fresco-painting in the Rotunda of the Capitol, now in slow but steady progress under the hand of Brumidi, the eminent fresco-painter. He has already embellished the canopy of the dome, numerous committee-rooms, and corridors, with magnificent work in colour, representing allegory, history, landscape, fruit, flowers, birds, &c. Indeed, it is a pity that he has lavished such a prodigality of rich work in many dark corridors, where the gaslight fails to reveal it satisfactorily. But wonderful in colour as all such previous work is, it is eclipsed by what he is now doing with simple umber in imitation of bas-reliefs in stone or plaster. The present work is to illustrate the most notable points of the history of America and our country from the discovery of the continent. The space devoted to it is between the main cornice and the finistration of the drum of the Rotunda, one hundred and seven feet above the floor, and the fresco-pictures will be fully nine feet in height. The designs are as follows:—

1. Landing of Columbus. 2. Montezuma receiving Cortes. 3. Pizarro's March to Peru. 4. Burial of De Soto. 5. Captain Smith rescued by Pocahontas. 6. Landing of the Pilgrims. 7. Settlement of Pennsylvania. 8. Colonisation of New England. 9. Oglethorpe and Muscogee Chief. 10. Battle of Lexington. 11. Declaration of Independence. 12. Surrender of Cornwallis. 13. Colonel R. M. Johnson and Tecumseh. 14. American Army at Mexico. 15. Settlement of California.

So far, only four of these are finished, covering just one-fourth of the circle, and we can well judge the merit and effect of the work, and examine the details of the designs. In the first, Columbus, with face uplifted to heaven, and flag in hand, descends from his boat on a plank steadied by a follower, another kneeling with clasped hands close by. On the right is a group of Indians, men, women, and children, offering fruit. On the left stand America (with the eagle) and History recording the event. In the second design Montezuma stands with hand on his breast, and

points to the god sitting in front of the circular Temple of the Sun. The third shows Pizarro standing by his steed and pointing towards Peru, whither his followers are marching, while others are turning back. In the fourth a boat holds the bier on which lies the body of De Soto, while the priest and his attendants, surrounded by soldiers bearing torches, perform the burial-services. This last design has just been completed. The remaining ones will be seen, as he finishes them, separately. While it cannot be said that these designs are of the highest order in composition, there are ease, spirit, and picturesque treatment, in all the groups, and, as has been said, the roundness and relief of the forms are so amazing as to make most visitors at first deny that they are merely painted on a flat surface. It was a happy thought to break the monotony of the high wall of the Rotunda as it merges into the dome with such a lifelike sculpturesque belt of active forms and picturesque groups. Considering the height of the work above the floor, it proves Brumidi's skill that the figures are not dwarfed to the upward vision, but present proper proportions. Another point of merit is that he has not injured the sculptural semblance of his work by pictorial effects of perspective—they look like bas-reliefs purely.

The designs are first made in crayon on cartoons four feet high, and from these the veteran works in a large, movable, and screened framework of pine, securely suspended from the dome. A boxed chair was at first provided for him, to be lowered some twenty feet to his airy studio, but he resolutely refused to use it until lately, when his infirm health induced him to adopt it. Before that he was in the habit of descending to his work by a common ladder twenty feet long.

Brumidi was born in Rome, about 1805. He was selected to repair the Loggia de Raffaello. He resided some years in Mexico, and then came to this country. He painted for St. Stephen's Church, New York, a Crucifixion of the enormous size of seventy feet. General Meigs engaged him to execute the fresco ornamentation in the new wings of the Capitol, and also in the canopy of the dome. He has grown old in this work, and, in spite of his advanced age and increasing infirmities, he works as assiduously as ever, and will crown his career with his most ambitious performance. It is a matter of much concern to his friends and the public that he may not live to complete it, as it will occupy him three more years for its completion, judging by the progress made since he began it, a little over a year ago.

* It was in 1855 that the decoration of the Lady Chapel was executed by Mr. Hudson, at the cost of Mrs. Hamilton, of Hoole Lodge.

† The true form of the buttress was ingeniously found by piercing the present eastern wall of the north aisle, on the supposition that one of the old buttresses would be embedded in it, as was found to be the case.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

By EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, LATE BRITISH CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER IV.

*Window with carved-wood Shutters.*

THE railway from Alexandria to Cairo was constructed more than twenty years ago, from plans made by George Stephenson. The country is so flat that no engineering difficulties had to be overcome, excepting that of preventing the rails from sinking into the sand, and this is effected by the use of large inverted basins or saucers, made of iron, placed under the rails, and connected by iron rods, instead of ordinary sleepers.

At the railway station we find intelligent guards, who speak

several European languages, and are soon accommodated with seats in well-appointed first-class carriages. The third-class carriages—long open trucks, with roofs to keep off the sun—are crowded with native passengers, who patronise this modern means of locomotion quite as much as do the European residents or travellers. Indeed, the introduction of steam locomotion has been the means of partially revolutionising the old ideas of pilgrimage: many advanced or liberal-minded Moslems, who would perhaps not undertake the perils or discomforts of a land journey on camel-back, consent to travel by railway to Suez, and thence by steamer to Jeddah, whence they can easily pay their obligatory visit to the holy places. But the old-fashioned and orthodox pilgrim still prefers to go with the caravan which conveys the Mahmal and the holy cover of the sacred stone at Mecca. The return of these orthodox pilgrims is a season of great rejoicing; relations and friends go out a day's journey into the desert to meet them, and accompany them in crowds, with music and singing, back to their homes.

The first part of the route is carried on an embankment through the Lake Mareotis, upon the surface of which flocks of water-fowl may be seen disporting themselves. Passing thence through a well-cultivated plain, where rice, cotton, maize, and millet are grown, the train stops at the town of Damanhour, which was made memorable in 1798 by a conflict between the French under Napoleon and the Mamelouks, who nearly captured the French general. This town stands on a slight eminence, and, although the capital of the wealthy province of Beheira, has no pretensions to being more than a large village.

A small canal runs parallel with the railway, and on its surface may be seen, during the autumn, the floating leaves and

*Line Men of the Oriental Telegraph Company on the road to Suez.*

the graceful flowers of the water-lily growing in luxuriant pro-

* Continued from page 100

fusion. Along the side of this canal is a path, upon which the peasantry are seen proceeding slowly with their camels or

donkeys from village to village. The fields beyond are being tilled with ploughs of most simple construction, drawn by sullen-looking buffaloes, meek oxen, or sometimes by a tall camel.

Here and there we see a Persian wheel, or *sâkieh*, erected over a well, and turned by one or other of these useful animals, for irrigating the land. Another plan for irrigation is the

were, the water from the canal to a trough on a higher level. Two men stand on the bank just above the canal, and with a basket or skin, which, pendulum fashion, they swing first down into the canal and then up to the trough, succeed in raising a large amount of water. Some of the wealthy landowners have



One of the many Solitary Courts common in Cairo.

shadouf, a bucket suspended to one end of a pole, which is balanced on a cross-bar fixed on two upright pillars, and counterpoised by a large lump of mud. The peasant dips the bucket into the canal, and the weight at the other end raises it, when full, without any exertion on his part. Another and still more primitive arrangement for irrigation is that of scooping, as it



Dooley Boys.

steam pumps of English or other European manufacture on the banks of the canals, by means of which they water their fields.

At about sixty-five miles from Alexandria the Rosetta branch of the Nile is crossed by a splendid iron railway bridge, which has, however, but one line of rails, the up and down lines converging to pass over it. Part of this bridge is so made as to



A Narghileh.

swing round on a pivot, to enable sailing vessels to pass. Besides the large iron cylindrical pillars on which the bridge is supported, there are two others above and below it, to support the ends of the revolving part when open.

Immediately after crossing this bridge the train stops at the

half-way station of Kafr-*ez-zayát*, where it remains for twenty minutes, to enable the travellers to obtain refreshment at the restaurant. Kafr-*ez-zayát* is an important emporium of the cotton trade, and contains many large ginning factories.

The next station at which the train stops is Tantah, a large town, capital of the province of Gharbiyeh. After Cairo and Alexandria, Tantah is the largest and most important town in

Egypt, and the population is estimated at 60,000. The railway station is well built, and its platform is of great length. The Khedive's palace and the Government offices are imposing edifices. The streets are wider and more regular than those in other Egyptian towns, and many of the houses have a European appearance. Its principal mosque, enclosing the tomb of the titular saint of the place, Seyyid-Ahmed-el-Bedawy, is a grand



structure, adorned with dome and lofty minarets, on which the Khedive, and the princess his mother, have lavished large sums of money.

Here have been convoked, in troublous times, meetings of the representatives of the people, to discuss political, financial, and agricultural questions; and here, three times a year, is held a fair, more numerous attended than any in the world excepting

that of Novgorod. This fête is in honour of Seyyid-Ahmed-el-Bedawy, a sheikh who died here nearly seven hundred years ago, and who is still held in the greatest reverence by the Mohammedans. His aid is invoked in times of trouble by people of all classes, and devotees flock hither in thousands to perform their vows, or to implore his intervention in present or future emergencies.

Although this annual fair is nominally a religious institution, it is made the means of much commerce, and during the few days of its continuance more debauchery and immorality are

practised in the town of Tintah than in the rest of the whole year. It is quite probable, as has been suggested by several learned Egyptologists, that the orgies countenanced and en-



On the Suez Canal: Station at El Kantara, i.e. "The Bridge."

couraged in Tintah embody the remnant of old customs prevalent amongst the ancient Egyptians, which have been continued under another name since the change of the national religion. Each of these annual fairs—one in January, another in May, and

the third in August—is kept up for a week, beginning on Friday, and culminating in a great religious procession to and from the tomb-mosque on the following Friday.

(To be continued.)

NEW PICTURE BY ADOLF MENZEL.



HE veteran German artist, Adolf Menzel, whose remarkable picture called the 'Cyclops' Workshop,' representing the forging of a great iron cylinder, attracted considerable attention a few years ago, has again produced a noteworthy work, though of a totally different character from his last. His new picture, which is now being exhibited in a private gallery in Berlin, is entitled 'The Ball Supper,' and, as described in the London *Academy*, represents a crowd of fashionable ladies and gentlemen in magnificent costumes and uniforms, grouped around a supper-buffet erected in a long gallery leading from the ballroom, and all occupied in the laudable endeavour to procure something to eat and drink. The variety of character which this scene reveals is very humorously displayed. Most of the groups are concerned only with the situation of the moment, and the difficulties in the way of obtaining what they desire; others profit by the occasion for a little quiet talk or flirtation, and

various little satirical touches are added here and there. But what gives the picture its chief artistic interest is exactly the same quality that made the 'Cyclops' Workshop' remarkable—namely, the curious light in which the scene is set. A myriad of wax-candles, disposed in a large chandelier overhead and in groups against the wall, send forth in 'The Ball Supper' waves of light that really appear like an actual illumination, and fall with astonishing effect on the naked shoulders and shimmering satin dresses of the ladies. The effect, it is said, is immensely enhanced if the picture be seen in a darkened room with a strong light thrown upon it. The picture, indeed, has evidently been painted with the view of studying this peculiar mode of lighting; but, besides this difficult problem, which some will consider satisfactorily solved, and others will deem incorrectly treated, 'The Ball Supper' has an interest from an historical point of view, for, like Frith's pictures of similar scenes, it is likely to be exceedingly valuable in future ages as revealing so much of the character, manners, and costumes of the nineteenth century.

NEW YORK INTERIORS.

RESIDENCE OF W. H. DeFOREST, Esq.



VERY one in New York is to be praised who builds an unusual house—a cheerful house. From the outside, Mr. W. H. DeForest's house has to follow the inevitable brown-stone monotony of a New York block; but the moment one rings the door-bell a cheerful change suggests itself. The very door is Eastlakean and original. For the Eastlake style admits of indescribable variety; it has no pattern

regularity, so that, if you are but quaint, original, sincere, you may be as varied as you please.

Some one who writes of Dresden houses says that the sombre humour which is apt to settle on one in the Saxon city is due not only to the ugliness of its people, but of its houses. They are featureless, bare, and neutral-tinted, presenting no handle for memory to catch them by. They do not make our nerves prick with anguish, and our brows flush, as do *some* of the residences



Library.—Residence of W. H. DeForest, Esq.

in New York: a little stimulus of that kind would occasionally be agreeable. They deaden us by a communication of their own deadness, and it is a mystery how living men built them, or can live in them.

Now, New York is free from this featureless, neutral-tinted horror. Hallways and doors are beginning to be original in effect. The very glass over the door has a new look, a suggestion of the owner's own taste. The bell-pull is a new departure. It will grow presently into a human face. The quaintness of the Middle Ages is coming back.

Mr. DeForest's house is a paradise of tiles. In the neat and original hallway they begin, forming that union of line and colour which really seems to have been preserved to us from Pompeii, and they go judiciously through the house. In all cases their formal suggestiveness is a great corrective of a sometimes exuberant

taste. The only wonder is, that the architects ever allowed them to go out of use, when, in the early history of the art of architecture, they were so well understood, and in our own pre-Revolutionary times they were built into every old Puritan and Virginia fireplace.

Who does not remember Æsop's fables, and the story of Joseph, in his grandfather's dining-room? Who that had a happy nursery in old Puritan Massachusetts can forget the dreadful drawing and the strongly picturesque attitudes of Job and his comforters, on the tiles which surrounded his earliest fireplace?

Mr. DeForest has not, however, been obliged to pick out such depressing subjects. His tiles are of the highest order of modern Art. He has, as Whistler would say, "symphonies in red and blue," "nocturnes in black and white," and, we might add, overtures in the fashionable peacock-green, in his tile-decoration. It

is a very clever specimen of the perfection of the use of this valuable adjunct to modern Decorative Art. For the business of internal decoration is now so much a matter of trade, of discussion and of literature, and of drawing and painting, that it deserves two capitals.

In an age when a distinguished architect writes of the "conscientious in decorative art," we may well speak of a conscientious room, such as Mr. DeForest's library.

Here the matter of tile-decoration has found its very fitting representation. No more learned and conscientious carrying out of the modern Eastlake and complete style of the period than this fireplace could be conceived.

It again utilizes the peacock-green. The roof, so to speak, of the fireplace is one mass of tiles overlapping each other; an old-fashioned beehive is suggested in its shape, or the back of the ar-

madillo—a hundred nice things in nature come to the mind. The curtains and hangings are of a very dark blue; the carpet a Persian rug of dark blue and green; the chairs covered with the thick blue velvet of the curtains. Around the room tiles set thick in wood-work carry out the idea suggested in the fireplace.

The wood is solid, of a light colour. It is a beautiful room, very original, very perfect, a triumph of colour in its sobriety and neatness. The little clock which puts forth from the mantel is worthy of Nuremberg; in fact, the whole thing suggests that lingering home of the Middle Ages. What do we want better than Nuremberg? Have we gone a step further than Albrecht Dürer? No; we cannot to-day boast such a bow-window as he made, the bow-window of 1565. The square, solidly-cut-out table, how well it supplements this solid room! How gracefully the chandelier, which, as the medium of light, should be light, springs with its



Boudoir.—Residence of W. H. DeForest, Esq.

arabesque against the heavy blue curtain! Bronzes, a few quiet pictures, a medallion or two, a student-lamp, low book-shelves, convenient to the hand, and we have a *conscientious* library.

In the DeForest *salon* we have the light, airy elegance of rose-colour and gold. Here might the powdered elegants of *le grand siècle* have danced the minuet. Here might Louis Treize have composed "Amaryllis."

It is large, airy, cool; such an atmosphere as dancers love when they "chase the dying hours with flying feet"—an atmosphere which should be particularly cool.

And what a boudoir and bedroom! Here the clean, cool *cretonne* is summoned, and toilet-table covers are upheld by Cupids springing from the wall. Every door has its *portière*. "The winds of heaven shall not visit her cheek too roughly." Tiger-skins defend the feet from the floor. The little cabinet piano, the low bookcase, the wood-fire, the Psyche-glass, the low easel, with its favourite picture, the curtained alcove for the bed, the vase, the picture, the deep, sleepy recess of the tufted chair—what has been forgotten? Nothing.

Even the colours—pale-green and delicate wood-colour—suggest Nature in her most tender aspect. The lady by the fire has but to look around her to see the perfections of Art and Nature combined.

It is curious to observe in all this renaissance of Art one old idea always cropping out. The wood-carver can find nothing better for his chisel than certain old boars' heads, heraldic animals, such as the early Britons may have carved from the old oak for the adornment of the monastery or the royal sideboard. And one interesting and hopeful side of the art of wood-carving is, that women can do it. One of the curiosities of the great Exposition was a carved wooden cradle, done by a very youthful, handsome grandmother for her eldest grandson. In this case there was *not* bread to be earned, only leisure to be amused; but it is pleasant to remember that the opulent fitters-up of these learned fine houses can even have their sideboards carved by their wives and daughters if they choose, or give the agreeable order to some female artist.

There is some good wood-carving on Mr. DeForest's furniture in his dining-room, that place of all others where it should be.

DORÉ AS A SCULPTOR.



HE fertility of the genius of M. Doré is without parallel in the history of Art. In 1862, when he was twenty-nine years old, he had produced forty-four thousand designs. Many of these, of course, are but sketches, but the character and force of his early sketches were the qualities that laid the foundation of his fame. What his hands

have wrought during the last fifteen years we have not learned; but during this period of his career much of the skill that was formerly given to work of at times microscopic delicacy has been devoted to the covering of canvases containing six hundred square feet and upward apiece. This rate of production betrays an artistic fury of impatience. In presence of such sheer hard work the critic has, however, but too often felt that M. Doré was not doing justice to himself. A comparison between the impression produced by a visit to some new painting, when fresh, and by a second after the work had been exposed to the atmosphere of a crowded gallery for six or twelve months, made the observer conscious of a rapid fading in tones which at first were marvellously brilliant. In 1866, on the first exhibition of the 'Paolo and Francesca da Rimini,' the *Art Journal* called attention to the solid, well-wrought, careful *impasto* of that finest work of the artist; and concluded, "Let M. Doré paint thus, and his fame will take care of itself." Since that time how much has he produced! And how charming have been some of his creations—such as the Andromeda, painted in 1868; the tragic poem of the "Neophyte;" the mournful divinity of the Christ leaving the Prætorium! Under all this, however, the artist has betrayed, by the very index of the scale that he has adopted, his own dissatisfaction with his work. His high ideal has ever been in advance of his execution, though he has given to the latter time and labour without precedent. Yet the patience which gave its value—not as design, but as *main-d'œuvre*—to the 'Francesca,' has not, to our knowledge, been repeated. The artistic fury is too fierce, we have long felt, to find appropriate expression by the use of the materials of the painter. It demanded, like the rage of Michael Angelo, the resistance of clay or of marble to enforce its restriction within the limits of what is most excellent in Art.

We have therefore anticipated the success of Gustave Doré in sculpture. The restless fury of Art is the birthright of the sculptor. The chips of marble flew from under the chisel of Michael Angelo like hail. The difference between the blow of a chisel and the stroke of a pencil is one of kind rather than of degree. The genius that seeks expression in the colossal is sculptural rather than pictorial. A visit to M. Doré's studio will show that this appreciation is correct.

Of the two works in the round by M. Doré we now have to describe, we will first mention that in which, in our opinion, the artist has been least successful. It is a female figure, draped in a robe spangled with stars, and holding aloft a circlet of stars, of which the diameter is a little more than half the height of the figure. The feet are borne up by clouds, grouped with boy angels, and a crescent below recalls the design of Murillo's 'Assumption of the Virgin,' so well known by the engraving by Lessore. M. Doré, however, has not fallen into the error of this engraver, namely, the diminution of the size of the head of his figure. The proportions are faultlessly accurate. The modelling is noble, graceful, and of the utmost purity. The countenance is extremely poetical. What Doré has seen, and intended to make others see, in many a female face, which was anything but agreeable as actually left on canvas or on paper, is wrought out perforce in the clay, and its beauty has thus become tangible. Our criticism is, that the design is better fitted for painting than for sculpture. Flying, or lightly poised figures, afford so strong a contrast between the weight of the material and the idea of aerial movement, that to present them in

the round is usually held to be an offence against the soundest rules of glyptic art. It is only in low-relief that such a figure will be attempted by the experienced and judicious sculptor. Clouds, moreover, are inadmissible in marble, even in relief, according to any severe taste; and outstretched arms, however beautifully modelled, give a sense of pain to the eye after a time, and rather befit a caryatid than a piece of true sculpture. With this criticism we exhaust our objections. The group is a painter's design, wrought out with as much fidelity, poetic force, and beauty, as are attainable, for such a design, in clay. And it is only fair to add that the Niké of Pæonius of Mende, a contemporary of Phidias, recently discovered at Olympia, is represented flying down from heaven, her right foot just touching a rock, and her drapery borne back by the opposing air. The true key to the difficulty is, no doubt, to be found in the architectural setting and permanent illumination of the figure.

Of the second group, 'Fate and Love,' we hesitate to speak out. Were it readily accessible to the English public, we should have no hesitation whatever. The terms of admiration which it deserves would not then run the risk of appearing exaggerated. The highest hope that any friend of M. Doré could form of the future triumphs of this artist are justified by this noble group. An aged woman, draped in a grandly modelled mantle that shades her head like a hood, is seated. Resting on her knees stands the almost nude figure of Love; his head rises nearly to the lower part of the face of Fate. Two short outspread wings resemble those of the lovely *amorini* of Raphael. The right hand of Love rests on his bow. The thread of Fate runs through the fingers of his left hand to those of the left hand of Fate; while the shears held in the right hand of the latter are in act to sever the thread. The modelling of the boy's form indicates the most thoughtful study of the antique; the upturned face is a poem in itself. It is difficult to refer to any example in sculpture which can give an idea of the grandeur of the head, or of the force of the veined hands of Fate. The drapery is not that of the finest style of Greek Art. It is of a style peculiar to itself, massive, grave, and pictorial. The features of Fate are those of a Roman Sibyl; the expression is at once tender and unrelenting. The true instinct of the sculptor is displayed in the shadows cast by the hood, by the wings of Love, and by the folds of the drapery, under an illumination from above. It may seem to those who have not studied the group to be an exaggeration to say that it recalls the memory at once to the Elgin room at the British Museum and to the Medici Chapel at Florence. But 'Fate and Love' would bear to be placed between the torso of the Ilyssus and the helmed and brooding statue of Lorenzo de' Medici.

We have had repeated opportunities of recording our opinion as to this artist, whose works are becoming more and more popular in England; they are, for the most part, if not always, efforts of lofty genius. He has marvellous facility in dealing with every branch of his vast subject, and is equally great in each department of it. But his industry is as marvellous as his intellectual power; it seems as if in him to think was to execute. Large masses of canvas give continual evidence of labour; that which one would expect to be the result of a year's efforts appears as the produce of barely a month. He has hardly passed the meridian of life, yet the works of his mind and hand might fill a gallery ten times the length and breadth of that which is so well filled in the chief Art-avenue of London.

M. Doré's efforts as a sculptor induce the remark that he is only following the examples which we are now witnessing of painters seeking reputation in "fresh fields and pastures" hitherto unknown to them. Sir Edwin Landseer began it among ourselves, and both here and in Paris are eminent painters invading, with success, the domains of the sculptor.

PAINTERS OF ALL SCHOOLS.*

THERE is little, if any, excuse in our day for ignorance concerning Art and artists of every kind and degree, so many and various are the books constantly being issued from the press



La Vierge aux Rochers. By Leonardo da Vinci. In the Louvre, Paris.

in which these matters are discussed. Writers upon Art are, generally, placed at a disadvantage when compared with writers on science and other kindred matters: the former are at this date travelling for the most part over ground which has been previously well covered; only here and there, where close and diligent research is made into the history of some great master of Art, does one meet with any new revelation, or is some light, unseen before, thrown upon the life and works of the painter. Hence the repetition which is the inevitable result of attempting to work up old materials into a new form; and yet no others are, as a rule, available.

These remarks apply to the volume now before us, but not necessarily to its disparagement: the book, within its assigned limits, is good, and calculated to be of service as a work of reference where larger and more costly histories are not at hand. M. Louis Viardot is an Art-writer whose name has extended beyond his own country. The groundwork of this publication, as the introductory notes to the foreign schools, and the criticisms upon the pictures of the more famous artists, is based on the author's "Les Merveilles de la Peinture," published originally in Paris, whence also appeared, in an English dress, M. Viardot's "Wonders of Italian Art" and "Wonders of

European Art," which were published six or seven years ago and were duly noticed by us at the time. The contents of these two last-named books are embodied in his present volume, which may claim to be more comprehensive than any previous work of its kind hitherto put forth by its author. His part in the volume before us extends, however, little beyond what he has to remark on those painters whom he styles the "Divinities of Art;" the remainder of the matter, consisting chiefly of biographical details, has been gleaned by the compiler—and very carefully gleaned too—from a variety of well-known sources, dating from Vasari down to the last learned researches into the history of Italian painting by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. So far as relates to the English school, recourse has been had to the writings of Allan Cunningham, Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A., and sundry periodical publications, among which the *Art Journal* has not been forgotten. The history of the different schools is brought down to within a year of the present date.

The volume commences at the earliest period at which the art of painting was known to exist, about the fifth century before Christ, "and then it must have quickly reached to the highest eminence. It is to Athens that we must give," says M. Viardot, "the glory of its birthplace, though, by a fatality ever to be deplored, no work of the famous Greek painters remains to the present day;" nor, considering what are the materials used for painting, could we reasonably expect to see a picture in existence after the lapse of more than two thousand years. We have, however, some idea of what the compositions of those early artists may presumably have been, from the beautiful mosaic found at Pompeii in what is now known as the "House of the Faun." There is an excellent engraving of all that now remains of it in the volume we are noticing, which also contains a very considerable number of others: two of the smaller examples are introduced here. Regarding it in its comprehensiveness, in the attractiveness of the illustrations; and the style in which it is placed before the public, this "History of the Painters of all Schools" deserves a place in every library where books on Art find a home: it contains all that every one, beyond the comparatively few who make the



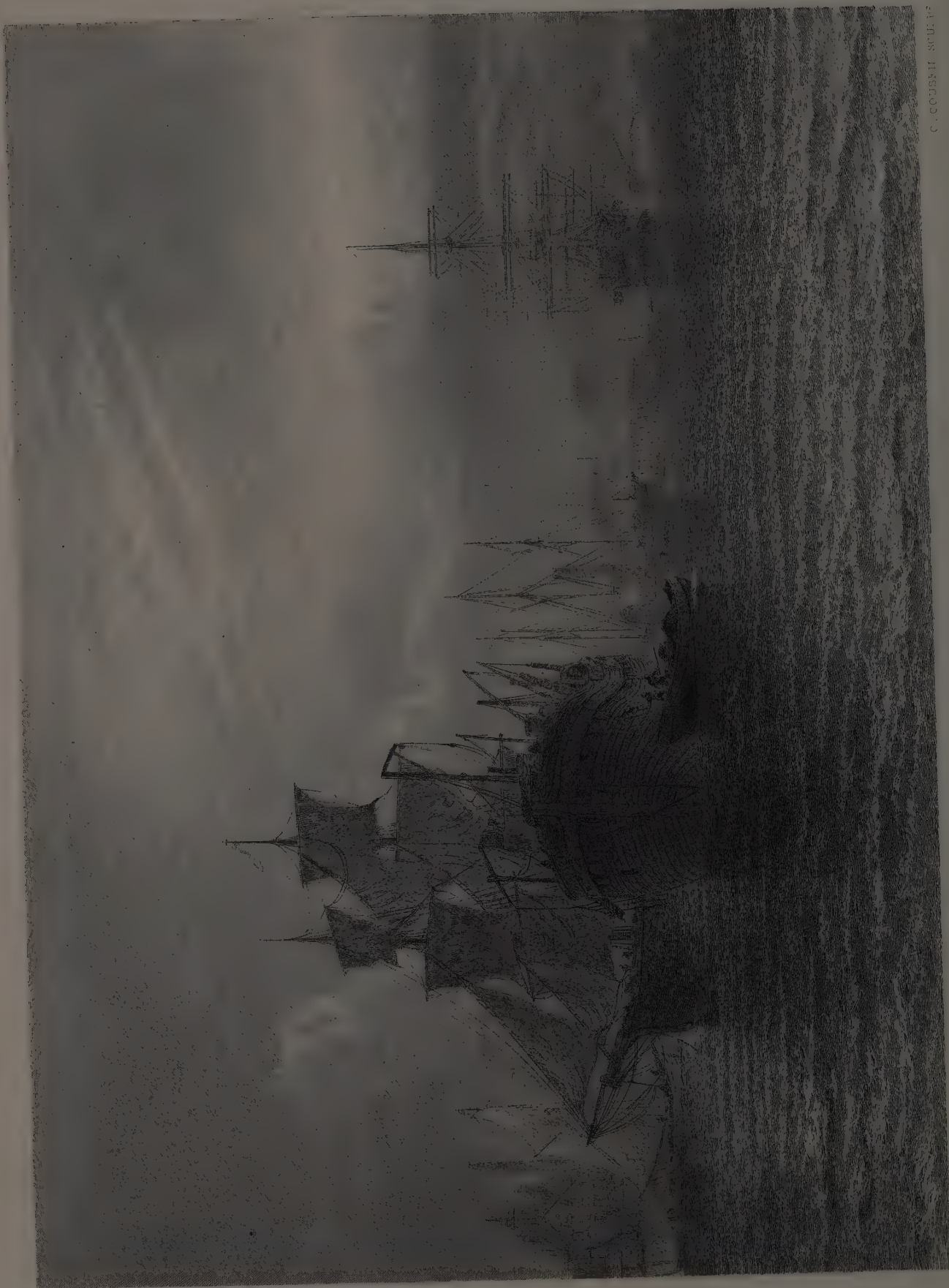
The Martyrdom of St. Justina. By Paul Veronese. In the Church of Santa Giustina, Padua.

* "A Brief History of the Painters of all Schools." By Louis Viardot, and other Writers. Illustrated. Published by Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., London.

subject a study, care to know about the world's greatest painters, and the works which have given them immortality.

THE GREAT BRITAIN

W. & A. G. PINX



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

XIII.

MR. GEORGE HOLME, of Bradford, is not the manufacturer of the large collection of beautiful works he exhibits: they are productions made for him by the long-renowned artisans of

Benares. They are chased brass-work, elaborately wrought, where time is of little value. They are produced from the instructions of Mr. Holme, under the supervision of his representatives, and made



exclusively for him. All the designs are varied, no two being alike. In the best sense of the term he is, therefore, the manufacturer

It will be seen, from the few examples we give, that they are of admirable forms, and very beautifully decorated.



ENAMELLED WORK.—(Continued.)

THERE is no essential difference between painting in enamel on metal and on china. China and faience decoration, however, is

not always enamel painting; the most ordinary sort of china and earthenware painting is what is called "under-glaze painting," or *sous couverture*, in which the colours are not vitrified, but burned in at a low heat, and covered afterwards with a transparent glaze,

The time-honoured institution at Sèvres—the glory of Paris and the pride of France—summoned all its resources



to the aid of the Republic, as it had done to the Monarchy and the Empire. But of a surety, if it possessed, it did



not put forth, the energies it had shown in preceding exhibitions. Its achievements of the past will be com-

which is vitrified in the furnace, and at once gives brilliancy to the colours beneath, and preserves them. For enamelled work the vase or other object is first glazed, and the colours themselves contain sufficient flux or glaze to become vitrified, and bear an immense degree of heat. The majolica colours, which are similar to

pared with those of the present, and certainly to the disadvantage of



the "show" in 1878. Yet the Vases prepared and painted at the



works of the Republic are admirable as examples of ceramic art.

those employed by Bernard Palissy, are enamels or coloured glazes, but they do not require, and will not bear, the amount of heat applied to true enamels. In enamelling porcelain, majolica, or other faience, the design is sketched or traced on the ware, and the colours laid on with the camel-hair pencil in the usual way; but, as

Messrs. HARDMAN & Co., of Birmingham and London,

Paris, where few English contributors entered an appearance, and were conspicuous for the excellence of *all* their works. Of these we



rank among the most meritorious of British producers of



Ecclesiastical Metal Furniture. They were almost alone in



give a selection. They are pure and good in design, and of undoubted



merit in manufacture. In the latter quality, if not in the former, they compete advantageously with the best produce of France.

the body of the colour is of good consistency, it can be laid on in relief, and, when burned in, is highly effective, and this effect is often enhanced by indenting the outline. In this way an admirable imitation of *cloisonné* enamelling is produced on porcelain or faience.

Enamelling on glass presents marked differences from the preceding. The heat applied to a china vase or other object would

reduce one of glass to an unsightly lump; the enamels used for glass must, then, necessarily "run" or vitrify at a lower heat than the body of the object itself: the margin is not, however, great, as may be seen by the frequent distortion of enamelled glass. Subjects are absolutely painted on the glass in enamel colours, and burned in, specimens of which kind of work may be seen in old Venetian and other glass, and in the Bohemian glass of the pre-

We engrave a Grand Pedal Harmonium manufactured and exhibited by Mr. GILBERT L. BAUER, of London. This instrument is intended to represent the pipe organ as nearly as consistent with the use of vibrating tongues, and is constructed for

use in small churches or chapels, students' organ practice, or as a substitute for the real organ in opera or drama on the stage.



The relative position of the keys and pedals has been carefully scaled after that of the pipe organ, and the mechanism affecting

the manual and pedal couplers is extremely simple. It is a beautiful example of Art manufacture, being designed with great judgment and taste, as well as a valuable specimen of wood carving, and it is well entitled to the high honour it obtained in Paris.

sent day. But the decoration of glass more often consists in the attachment or insertion of threads or small figures in coloured glass in a melting state to the body of the object in hand while in a partially plastic condition. The lamps seen in Arab mosques, in Spanish churches, but still more often in museums and collections, formed of green glass, and decorated in brilliant and varied colours, are much admired, but their mode of fabrication had been entirely lost, and was rediscovered and revived with great skill by M. Brocard, of Paris, who has not only succeeded in reproducing objects of Arab origin, but in adapting the system to modern artistic taste.

Many other glass-manufacturers have since produced similar work. The methods employed are not made known, but it is evident, on inspection, that a mixed system is adopted; in many instances there are what may be described as washes of enamel colour vitrified on the glass, while more usually the ornamentation is attached in the form of coloured glass. The ornamentation on the Arabian vessels is curiously primitive; the old Venetian is much the same, but both are delightful to the eye. The most delicate application of this method of decoration that we have seen is that of Messrs. James Powell and Sons, of London, who around wineglasses as

The engravings on this page are selected from the very large collection of Paintings on Porcelain exhibited by Messrs. HOWELL and JAMES, of London. They are chiefly the works of amateurs, sent in response

to the offer of prizes in competition; but many of them would do credit to the most accomplished professors of the art. It was a happy idea, that which directed the attention of ladies to an employment at



once pleasant and remunerative, giving, or rather extending, occupation for women—a social requirement universally admitted. We engrave on this page five of the works.

Nos. 2 and 3, two plaques by Miss Kelly, were purchased by the Prince of Wales; No. 2 is by Mrs. Nesbitt, some

of whose works her Majesty has commissioned; No. 4 is by Mrs.



Sparkes, also purchased by the Prince of Wales; and No. 5 is a portrait of Lady Eva Greville, by her mother, the Countess

of Warwick, to which was awarded the Gold Medal presented by her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany.

thin almost as a soap-bubble and as brilliant as rock-crystal have succeeded in placing, with the greatest precision, pale-blue glass threads almost as fine as hairs. The same kind of ornamentation is also applied to water-carafes and other articles.

All that is said above relates to decorating the surface of metal, porcelain, or glass, by means of painting or attaching enamel colours or glasses. We now arrive at another kind, that of incised enamelling.

Incised enamelling consists in engraving or cutting out letters or ornaments in metal, and filling the hollows with enamel, just as a name is cut in a brass plate, and filled in with black or red sealing-wax, or other like composition, the essential difference being that enamelled work is passed through the furnace, and the colours become converted into glass, or vitrified. This kind of enamelling has always been in use in goldsmiths' and jewellers' work, and produces very pleasing contrasts; but little Art had been employed

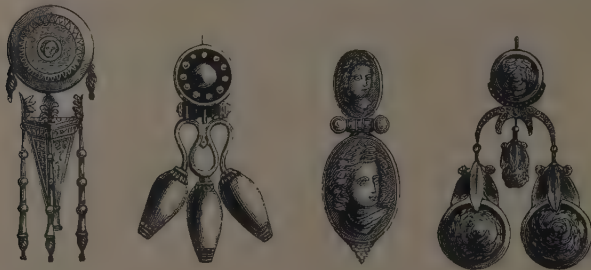
We represent on this page some of the Jewels of gold, the productions of the renowned artist-manufacturer CASTELLANI, of Rome, whose name is known and honoured throughout the



world. These are not absolute copies from the antique, although it is easy to note the source of inspiration. They are of pure



gold, unaided by jewels, and owe their value to fine and true Art. The jewellers of all countries are largely indebted to



Signor Castellani; he has delved up suggestions from rich mines hidden for ages, and given lessons to living workers—



taught by teachers who were dust thirty centuries ago. The Exhibition was enriched by this goldsmith of the existing epoch.

with it of late, until the revival of a taste for that of our forefathers, known generally as mediæval, by the energy and ability of a few men, raised up a new school of Art manufacture. Since the time of the late Welby Pugin metal-workers have applied incised enamelling to the decoration of church plate, memorial tablets, and other articles, with much ability and success, and this has led to the application of similar enamelling to many other objects. Where this or any other kind of enamelling originated is not, and is never likely to be, known. Dr. Birdwood, in his interesting handbook to the Indian section of the Exhibition, adopts the idea that it is

A Vase of very great merit and beauty, in bronze, the work of ALESSANDRO NELLI, of Rome, fitly accompanies the jewels of Castellani; for both are prominent artists of the "Eternal City." The figures that surround the vase are models of per-



fection in form—Cupids in various attitudes, dancing in joyous and innocent glee. Italy largely contributed such productions; they are of much Art value, the works of true sculptors, whose studies are formed by the great old masters in the divine art.

probably a Turanian art. Whether it was first carried to China or India is not known. The Indian work is cut out, *champ-levé*, in gold, and the hollows thus produced filled in with transparent enamels, whereas the incised work of other countries is effected with opaque enamels. The Indians have carried enamelling of this kind to extraordinary perfection; it is practised in all parts of the country, but the most famous enamels are those of Jeypore.

The *cloisonné* method remains to be noticed: it is a curious process, and when or where it was invented is unknown, but it is certainly very ancient—perhaps as old as the incised or *champ-levé*

The Marquis GINORI-LISCI is the proprietor of the most important ceramic manufactory of Italy. His productions are known

everywhere for their richness and taste both of colour and design, and his supremacy has been always acknowledged by the juries of



the International Exhibitions. The lower three engravings show some pieces of a rich Table-Service in porcelain, painted and deco-

rated in the style of the past century. The Statuettes are allegoric, and represent the Seasons, &c. The height of these ob-



jects vary from two and a half to three feet. The upper three represent a Clock and Candelabra. The work is so exquisitely

fine and minute, and the style so excellent, as to recall the old Ginori's manufacture.

method. The manner of proceeding is as follows: The design being drawn on paper or other substance, thin and narrow ribbons of copper, well annealed, so as to be perfectly flexible, are bent to the various lines of the work, and fixed on the paper by means of gum or other substance. When a convenient quantity is finished it is placed in its position on the metal vase or other object to be incrustated, and filings of solder with flux being applied, the soldering is completed by means of the blowpipe. The operation presents no difficulty on a plain surface, but the task of covering an immense incense-burner, say four or five feet high, with lid, han-

dles, and feet presenting all kinds of curves, regular and irregular, must be long and tedious. Again, we see necklaces with *cloisonné* beads running from a quarter to half an inch in diameter. The attaching of the *cloisons*—partitions—to such small spherical bodies must require considerable skill; but the Oriental artist is patience personified. When the cells are all prepared to receive the enamel, this is filled in in a pasty state with brushes according to the design, those colours which require most firing being put in first, as in the case of porcelain decoration described above. When withdrawn from the furnace some of the cells will be full, some half



The Clock and Candelabrum here given are from the establishment of M. ALBINET, Parisian bronzist. They are of the usual order of merit.



We give below a specimen of wood-carving from the exhibit of Messrs. JAMES SHOOLBRED and Co., of London, whose artistic furniture is well known.



full, others riddled with air-holes; all the vacancies have to be filled up and the work "fired" again, and this has to be repeated until the cells are quite full. This is not effected, in complicated cases, without the object under hand passing through the furnace from

sixteen to sometimes as many as thirty times. The firing finished, and the enamel thoroughly cold, the whole surface is rubbed down with pumice-stone and water, and then polished, and the visible edges of the *cloisons* gilt.



OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

PAMPERED MENIALS.

(Frontispiece.)

J. E. HODGSON, A.R.A., Painter.

G. C. FINDEN, Engraver.



F, in tracing Mr. Hodgson's career as an artist, we can discover little or no change in manner, except in the way of improvement, there has been ample evidence of variety in his subjects. In some of his early pictures, such as 'Elector and Candidate—are we not Brothers?' exhibited in 1857, there is a vein of quiet humour; afterwards

we find him among the British navy of olden time, as in 'The First Sight of the Armada—Lighting the Beacon,' exhibited in 1863; and in the following year 'Queen Elizabeth at Purfleet, the Squadron under Lord Howard of Effingham sailing to attack the Armada,' with others of a similar character, and some *genre* subjects interspersed with them, up to about 1869, when the first of the series of Eastern scenes, with which his art has been since more specially identified, made their appearance. 'Pampered Menials' depicts the outside of a mansion of an Eastern Dives where are seated on a bench two of his servants taking their siesta, and their easy attitude and careless indifference to the poor beggar who appeals to their liberality are quite worthy of many of the "pampered menials" to be seen nearer home. One, holding a cigar listlessly between his fingers, looks rather scrutinisingly at the applicant, but certainly not with the intention of offering him any relief; while the other, with a long pipe in his hand, quite overlooks what it does not suit his purse or his feelings to see. Nothing can be better in their way than this pair of idlers. The figure of the mendicant is the very embodiment of importunity.

WOOLWICH DOCKYARD.

H. T. DAWSON, Painter.

G. COURSEN, Engraver.

WOOLWICH, which lies on the Thames some nine miles below London, is famous the world over for its great arsenal, as a seat of a royal military academy, and for its dockyard, which is the most ancient in the kingdom. Here was built the ever-famous Royal

George, the Nelson, the Trafalgar, and other noted historic ships. Recently the yard has been principally employed in constructing steamers. Ships in and out of port have always had a great fascination for artists; while two of England's great painters, Turner and Stanfield, have been eminently identified with them. Mr. Dawson's painting is effective and picturesque. The massive old hulk, dismantled and shorn, lies at rest, its days of battle with wind and wave being over, and its departed glory contrasts pathetically with the smart little steamer at hand, exemplifying the reign of the new art of sea-craft. The grouping, the tone, the atmosphere of the picture, are all good.

OTHELLO.

H. HOFMANN, Painter.

E. BÜCHEL, Engraver.

THIS engraving is from a painting by Heinrich Hofmann, who now holds a professorship in the Royal Academy of Dresden. He was born at Darmstadt, in March, 1827, and, after studying in Düsseldorf, removed to Dresden, where he now resides, and where he has executed several fine pictures: his best is considered to be 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' which has found a place in the Royal Dresden Picture-Gallery. Another prominent example, 'Christ Preaching by the Lake of Genesareth,' is in the Berlin National Gallery; it looks more like a slightly tinted cartoon, and does not show such a sense of the picturesque as do most of his other productions—as the 'Othello' picture, for example.

The subject will be found in that portion of Shakspeare's drama where Othello approaches the sleeping Desdemona and prepares to execute his dreadful purpose. The two figures in their united positions are effectively dramatic, that of Othello being *violently* so; while all the accessories of the picture are elegantly luxurious: On a velvet cushion by the bedside lies a book, probably the missal or prayer Desdemona read ere retiring to bed. Through an open window on the farther side of the bed is seen an exterior gallery of the house, beyond which the moon renders partially visible a bit of Venetian architecture. The picture is rich not only as a composition, but in glow of colour as well; the treatment is bold, and the general effect good.

THE CLAGHORN COLLECTION OF PRINTS.



THE celebrated Claghorn collection of prints, in Philadelphia, is especially remarkable, aside from its extent, for its very valuable and rare Rembrandt etchings, for the most complete set extant of the works of the Franco-German engraver Wille, and for the general excellence of the examples comprised in the entire collection.

There is very little in it that can be regarded as of small value even by the most severe of connoisseurs. As it is by far the most important collection of prints in this country, it is natural that it should inspire very great interest in all persons who are interested in Art-culture.

Of course, in a collection like this, numbering upward of forty thousand prints, only a small portion of them can be exhibited at one time on the walls of a private gallery. Nevertheless, by a judicious selection of examples, chronologically arranged, the visitor is enabled to see some of the best work of the principal engravers and etchers, from Martin Schöngauer, who was born in 1420, down to the present time, covering a period of a little more than four centuries. In addition to the available wall-space, an ingenious arrangement at each end of the gallery increases the surface for mounting prints sevenfold. This result is effected by a num-

ber of frames which lie back of each other, and which may be moved up or down at will. In order to look at the prints on the most interior frame, all those in front of it must be pushed up, the arrangement being like that of a series of sliding doors that are adjusted perpendicularly instead of horizontally. In each corner of the gallery is a cabinet built in the wall, containing various *objets d'art*. At one end of the gallery is a médaillon portrait in brass *repoussé* of Rubens; at the other a similar one of Rembrandt; in the centre is a bronze equestrian statue, by Hébert, of 'Bellerophon,' which is flanked on either side by the dancing figures of Carrière, also in bronze. The ceiling of the gallery is very neatly frescoed, and it is most pleasantly lighted by side-lights in the roof.

With Martin Schöngauer, as already stated, the Claghorn prints begin. He was both painter and engraver, and for a long time was regarded, especially by the Germans, as the inventor of engraving, his earliest works being executed not far from 1460. By later investigations, an engraved figure of the 'Virgin' was found bearing the date 1451; while Renouvier, a French writer, in a very learned pamphlet, claims to have discovered the existence of a series of the Passion executed in 1446. The date of the earliest known prints made from wood, found on the pages of an old manu-

script, is placed at 1406. Among the Schöngauer engravings in this gallery may be mentioned a fine, early impression of his 'Adoration of the Kings,' and 'Christ before the High-Priest.' Following these is a rare print of 'The Death of the Virgin,' and one equally so of 'Judith with the Head of Holofernes,' by Israel von Mecknen, who was both goldsmith and engraver, and lived from 1424 to 1503. Von Mecknen was an industrious and versatile engraver, and his prints are especially valuable as showing the manners and costumes of his time. He interpreted Nature, and copied the persons who posed for him with much more grace and spirit than he executed designs made by others. Of the early Italian engravers here, are five examples by Andrea Mantegna—a famous painter as well—who lived from 1431 to 1506. Among these are his 'Flagellation' and an early impression of 'The Combat of the Sea-Gods.' In passing from the German prints to the Italian, the superior elegance of the latter is strikingly noticeable. The attempt at idealisation is at once apparent in the Italian, while the German artists evidently made as truthful copies of their models as was possible, and the models were, as a rule, in small sense endowed with beauty. All the artists of that time pictured the 'Virgin,' and a peculiarity of those engraved by Mantegna shows a Madonna majestic, full of matronly pride, graciously tender, but entirely free from the subdued meekness and resigned sweetness that usually characterise that subject.

Of examples by Robetta (1460–1520), who was also a goldsmith, an 'Adoration of the Kings' and 'A Man fastened to a Tree by Love' are notable. Robetta introduced in the greater part of his work nude figures, as if to show to what extent he had studied the human form and admired it. Nearly all his men are young, straight, and slender, rather than vigorous, with an abundance of curling hair and a sweet and smiling expression; his women, graceful and delicate, preserve in their absolute nudity perfect chastity. A peculiar charm and grace seem to envelop their entire form, and cover it like a veil. The drawing of the hands in these oldest of prints is much the worst part of the work. In some of them the waist of the women, especially that of the 'Virgins,' is attenuated to a proportion which is in extraordinary contrast to the Greek sculptures. Animals are sketched with a freer, bolder hand than are human figures. Biblical subjects formed the greater part of the themes used by these early engravers, especially by the Germans. The Italians, perhaps because more familiar with Greek and Roman mythology, gave greater scope to the imagination, of which Mantegna's 'Combat of the Sea-Gods' is a good illustration.

In 1471 Albert Dürer was born—the third of a family of eighteen children—and the engravings, etchings, and woodcuts, of this eminent artist are here largely represented. Dürer is said to have been the inventor of etching, a statement that might be difficult either to substantiate or to refute. His work often lacks in grace, but never in truthfulness. Among the Dürer examples in this collection may be mentioned a fine early impression of 'St. Hubert,' his largest plate, and very rare; the 'Virgin and Child' with a monkey, the same with a pear; a 'Holy Family,' with butterfly; 'Holy Family' seated against a wall—very rare—only did two or three; 'Virgin crowned by an Angel,' an etching of 'Christ in the Garden,' the complete series of sixteen of 'The Passion of our Lord,' which came from the Barnard collection; various 'St. Jeromes,' that masterly piece of drawing, his superb 'Adam and Eve,' and a very rich and beautiful print of his masterpiece, 'The Knight, Death, and the Devil,' which was obtained from the Mariette collection, and bears the autograph of that owner. Among the woodcuts is the 'Life of the Virgin,' embracing a series of twenty, which is exceedingly interesting—a superb set.

Lucas Cranach, although contemporary with Dürer, engraved in quite a different style; he was more picturesque, less precise, and naturally did not finish his work with equal beauty and nicety. Being an intimate friend of Luther, he devoted his talent in his maturer years to the service of the Reformation, and he even went so far in his pictures at times as to attack the papacy. Here are several specimens of his woodcuts: 'St. George and the Dragon,' 'St. Christopher,' 'The Tournament,' and of his engravings may be mentioned a fine impression of that rare plate, 'St. Geneviève of Brabant.'

Marc Antonio Raimondi, of the Italian school, who engraved so largely after Raphael, is represented in a variety of splendid ex-

amples—by 'St. Cecilia,' 'The Virgin of the Staircase,' 'Alexander puts Homer's Works in the Tomb of Achilles,' 'The Two Sibyls with the Zodiac,' 'Charity,' 'David killing Goliath,' and 'Mars, Venus, and Love,' after Mantegna. He was as great a master of the graver, perhaps, as was Raphael of the pencil.

While Marc Antonio was engraving in Italy, Lucas van Leyden, who was born nearly a score of years later, and whose death preceded Antonio's by a year—occurring in 1533—was quite the Art-wonder in the Netherlands. He, more than any engraver who had preceded him, observed especial care in the perspective of his scenes, and in giving clearness and distinctness to his figures. Nothing could be finer and more pleasing than his 'La Laiterie' ('The Dairy'), of which the Claghorn collection possesses a beautiful impression. His cows look like the gentlewomen of the bovine race—matronly, dainty, and elegant. Here, also, is his great 'Ecce Homo,' one of his most important works, and said to have been executed when only sixteen years of age. It is especially interesting as a picture of the dress and manners of the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. The scene, architecture, people, and all, are thoroughly Dutch, and his Christ a most pitiable and unattractive-looking figure. Another interesting engraving here of Van Leyden is 'The Poet Virgil's Punishment,' after the legend which describes how the poet, for slandering a courtesan, was suspended in a basket midway the outside wall of a tower. In the foreground are various groups of people, discussing the affair, and pointing toward the basket, in which the poet is half concealed. There is also a fine early impression of 'The Raising of Lazarus.' A very superb print is 'An Emperor returning from War'—the drawing fine and spirited—by August Veichman, who was born in 1490. Of the engravers who were born and lived in the sixteenth century, the German and Italian school are about equally represented. Of the former may be mentioned Hans Sebald Beham, who possessed remarkable facility for cutting the copper; George Pencz, his six 'Triumphs of Petrarch—Love, Chastity, Fame, Time, Death, and Eternity,' a fine impression of the 'Rape of Anymome,' and a number of historical subjects. In his 'Jesus surrounded with Children' he has clothed them, as well as the mothers, in the German costumes of the century in which he lived—a plan he carried out in most of his works. Heinrich Aldegrever, who had the fault of lengthening his pictures absurdly beyond all reality, but arranged their drapery with so much skill as to bring them again into apparent possible proportions, is well represented, as well as Heinrich Lautensack, who excelled in landscapes. One fine example of Cornelius Cort, 'The Annunciation,' after Titian, came from the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Of the Italian school, there is a Bonasone after Titian's 'Rest in Egypt,' and 'The Virgin at the Foot of the Cross,' after Michael Angelo. Cesare Reverdino, the first Italian who succeeded at the same time in preserving the expression, and in obtaining a picturesque effect, is represented by 'Heads of Six Roman Emperors;' Eneas Vico by the 'Army of Charles V. crossing the Elbe,' that recalls his portrait of that sovereign which had an immense vogue; the two Ghisi are splendidly represented—Giorgio's 'Last Supper,' after Lambertus Lombardus, being in the first state, and Diana's 'St. Attinia and St. Greciniana' being a fine early impression. Diana Ghisi is the earliest woman engraver I found represented in the collection. Of the two Carracci, there is an etching by Annibale of a 'Holy Family' in the first state, and the 'Virgin,' 'St. Jerome and Mary Magdalen,' by Agostino, in the second state, and very fine—these among several—choice examples. Matthias Zindt's rare and extremely fine 'Decollation of St. Barbara' is here; also several engravings by Goltzius, of the Dutch school. Of the French, there are a number of examples of Charles Etienne du Launle.

Among the more notable works executed by artists during the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, are portraits by Jan Müller, beautiful impressions of Jacob Mathan's 'Magdalen praying in the Desert,' after Goltzius, and 'Bearing the Cross,' after Dürer; a number of beautiful etchings by Guido Reni—a 'Holy Family' in two states, and two Madonnas from the Calamatta collection; a number of very fine prints after the amateur Van Goudt, comprising his famous 'Aurora,' a landscape which breathes the very spirit of morning, this being obtained from the Esdaille collection. Schelte Bolswert, whose engraving of 'Christ crowned with Thorns' is the finest in exist-

ence, and his brother Boetius, are largely and finely represented, their engravings being mostly after Rubens and Vandyck. Here is Peter Soutmann's famous engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' from a drawing made by Rubens from the painting in its original condition, before the accessories which appear in the prints commonly extant. This engraving is the first made, and in the second state.

Of Jacques Callot, the first and finest etcher of note in France, there are several excellent examples, including an early impression of the 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' which is one of the most curious and interesting prints of the seventeenth century. The air is full of demons, that seem to have been disgorged by a dragon which is chained in mid air, and which continues to pour forth demons from its mouth. At one side St. Anthony is discovered at the mouth of a cavern surrounded by a legion of demons urging him away from his retreat. Another curious Callot is 'The Tree of St. Francis,' upon which the Holy Trinity descends in all his glory, and under the branches of which are a dozen Franciscan monks. In his 'Martyrs of Japan,' the twenty-three French monks who were executed are each and all carefully represented in the etching.

Of etchings by Vandyck, the portrait of the painter Citermans is seen in its third state, and one of Lucas Vorsterman is an exceedingly fine example of etching portraiture. There are several etchings by Claude Lorraine; also by Claude Mellan, including his 'Sudarium of St. Veronica,' done in the style for which he was famous, being executed entirely by a spiral line begun at the extremity of the nose and continued without a break over the whole face and ground.

Of the three hundred and fifty-three etchings executed by Rembrandt, seventy-six are in this collection, of some of which there are impressions in two or more states. The famous landscape known as 'The Three Trees' is here found in an impression of extraordinary brilliancy, and, being honoured with a place on an easel, can be seen to perfect advantage. Aside from the trees, the landscape contains dwelling-houses, a chariot in the distance filled with people, a stream of water by which sit a woman and a man, the latter fishing; a village in the background bristling with towers; and deep in the shadow in the foreground at the right sit two figures, that are never discerned by the casual observer. In the clouds and in the rain-storm that darken the left of the picture, one can trace the outlines of grotesque forms in the air. This small etching was obtained at a cost, I believe, of seven hundred dollars. A superb impression of 'Christ healing the Sick,' which Rembrandt called the 'Hundred-Guilder' print, was also, I think, procured at a like expense. An impression of this etching in the first state sold in London for £1,180. The 'Ecce Homo,' containing a multitude of figures, is the largest plate etched by Rembrandt. 'The Descent from the Cross' is a trifle smaller. The 'Ecce Homo' is in four different states, any one of which in a good impression is very much sought after by purchasers, and very difficult to obtain. But two of the first state are said to be in existence, and these are both in the British Museum. The second state is also extremely rare, and differs little from the first. In none of Rembrandt's etchings does he betray greater study than in this: he seems to have observed one by one the faces of the Israelites and Romans that he introduced into the picture, and to have given to them the various passions that swayed them at that eventful moment—cruelty, baseness, barbarous curiosity, coarse irony, the cowardice of Pilate, the brutality of the soldiers, are each and all most powerfully depicted. The background is rich in architecture. Rembrandt undoubtedly found his models in real life, as the Jews' quarter in Amsterdam was inhabited by a variety of Israelitish types. 'The Annunciation to the Shepherds' is another large plate, very brilliant as an impression and interesting in design. Like all his pictures, one side is in shadow and the other highly illuminated. In this instance the appearance of an angel in the heavens gives light to the left of the picture, and the light emanating from this figure has the effect of brightening the entire landscape, where the shepherds and their flocks are running hither and thither in fright. This impression is one of those in which the "bridge," which crosses a ravine in the landscape, is still to be seen. Another large plate is the 'Three Crosses.' Forty of these etchings are of Biblical subjects, eight or ten are allegorical, five are sketches of vagabonds or beggars, two are Academic, twenty are portraits of great beauty. There are portraits of Rembrandt

with his wife, Rembrandt laughing, with a scarf about his neck, with sabre and aigrette (known as the "cut-sabre" print), with a cap on his head ornamented with a long feather, and three portraits of his mother. A landscape known as 'The Cottage with the Great Tree' is one of the most beautiful of the smaller plates, unsurpassed for richness, softness, and harmony. The collection shows Rembrandt in all his moods of work, from figures drawn with a dozen marvellous lines, to those finished in detail with the most minute care and delicacy. His landscapes are those of Holland to perfection, and his etchings in every respect convey the idea that he used the etching-needle with the same freedom that he used a pencil. He did not always trouble himself to give his designs an air of historical truthfulness, as illustrated in his etching of 'Abraham sending away Hagar and Ishmael;' Abraham's "tent" is a house of grand and elaborate architecture, and the little Isaac, who stands squeezed in a corner by the side of the door, is a most chubby-faced little Dutchman. Abraham himself, in superb attire, has an Oriental appearance, as has also the weeping Hagar; poor little Ishmael looks to be a sturdy lad of but five or six years, and wearing a gay and highly-ornamented costume. Sarah, leaning out of a window, watches her departing rival with an ugly glow of exultation. However, it is a charming print, most carefully and beautifully executed. Perhaps this series of Rembrandt etchings is the most valuable, financially considered, in the collection, although not so difficult to duplicate it may be as the Wille engravings. As specimens of etching, their value cannot be overrated, furnishing as they do the finest examples known of this beautiful art. As a guide and aid to the study and appreciation of the Rembrandt etchings, the two volumes which M. Charles Blanc has devoted to them will be found to be entirely satisfactory.

The limit of this paper will permit but the mention of a few works before coming to those of Wille. David Teniers's fine etchings are notable; 'The Death of Regulus,' an etching by Salvator Rosa; several superb examples of Nicholas Berghem, of Paul Potter, and of Jacob Ruysdael—that greatest of Dutch landscapists—on canvas or copper; magnificent engravings by Gerard Edelinck (French), whose talent was so remarkably developed that his first engravings equalled his last; fine examples of Antoine Masson; the three Drevets, and of Giovanni Marco Pitteri, whose plates are executed by single strokes running from top to bottom, the shadows being produced by increasing the weight of the stroke.

Jean George Wille was born in Germany in 1717, and died in France in 1808. He had a very romantic and successful career, finding out for himself the most in his art that was worth knowing. He left his native land for Paris when scarcely more than twenty years of age, became engraver to Louis XV., acquired a world-wide fame, was courted by the *élite* of Parisian society, but at the last was crushed and ruined by the Revolution. He engraved mostly portraits and figures, both after his own and the designs of others. He worked entirely upon copper—steel not having come at that time into use for such purpose.

Wille's engravings number one hundred and seventy. The Claghorn collection comprises them all but six or eight, and is the most complete set of them in the world. Many are in various states, raising the number of original prints into the neighbourhood of two hundred. One marked feature of Wille's engraving lay in his talent for portraying the texture of fabrics, and that was marvellous and has never been surpassed. For example, in his portrait of Marshal Saxe, the effect of steel armour, of fur, of ribbon, of glove, and of lace about the neck, is so extraordinary as to convey the idea of colour, as each article is as characteristic of its original as if the portraiture of them had been in oil-colours instead of in simply black and white. The silken frocks of his women have the sheen and texture of silk so perfectly that it is no wonder all Paris went wild over his work. He also engraved hair with especial beauty, his coiffures being as elaborate in detail as the best of Leonardo da Vinci's. One of his prettiest portraits is of the daughter of the painter Largillière.

Of the comparatively modern engravings and etchings, there are splendid examples of every artist who has done any work worth possessing—of the Flemish, Dutch, German, Italian, French, English, Spanish, and American schools. The number of engravers and etchers represented is upward of fifteen hundred. Some even of the modern engravings are of such rarity in this country as to be found scarcely elsewhere but in this collection. Among these

may be mentioned Kellar's engraving of Raphael's 'Madonna di San Sisto,' upon which he worked for twelve years. It is an *épreuve de remarque*, and the only one in this state in the country. As Mr. Claghorn is known in all leading Art-centres as a very liberal patron of Art, he receives the best of what, in the way of prints especially, comes from abroad. He makes his purchases personally or through the best dealers, and has devoted a quarter of a century to the work.

Aside from his unique collection of prints, he has probably the finest Art library in the country, comprising upward of two thousand volumes; this, of course, includes illustrated works of great variety and the finest copies. He has also a fine collection of glass, of Chinese and Japanese carved ivories, of *cloisonnée*—in brief, elegant specimens of what comes under the general name of ceramics. His house, with its artistic and elegant furnishing—walls from nearly the bottom to the top covered with superb paintings and engravings; *objets d'art* perched in every possible nook; folios on folios of prints—seems more like a museum of rare and costly Art than the residence of a private gentleman. The great-

est kindness and cordiality are extended to persons wishing to visit the gallery, a privilege that is very much appreciated by the pupils at the Academy of the Fine Arts, of which institution Mr. Claghorn has for several years been the President. Among Mr. Claghorn's more recent acquisitions were the concluding numbers of the Fortuny etchings. They number seventeen, and his copies are one of a set of eight printed. These were published since the death of the artist, and some of them are mere caprices.

Mr. Claghorn is a business man of large capacity, abounding in public spirit, and an active participator in the municipal affairs of Philadelphia. That he should have found the opportunity in his life of great activity to collect and become familiar with such an array of Art and things pertaining thereto, is the best possible evidence, perhaps, of his fitness for this great work, which is a benefaction to Philadelphia and an honour to the whole country.

In concluding this article, I wish to express my obligations to Mr. H. C. Whipple, the accomplished librarian of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, for his valuable help from time to time in examining the prints of the Claghorn collection.

MARY WAGER-FISHER.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.



THE second exhibition of the Society of American Artists opened March 10th, at Kurtz's Gallery, in Twenty-third Street, New York, and closed March 29th, and, like its predecessor of a year ago, attracted a good deal of attention among cultivated people. The collection numbered a hundred and sixty-eight pictures and pieces of statuary, and many of these works were interesting, either for their artistic merit or because they showed freshness of purpose.

Beginning at No. 1 in the catalogue, a large decorative painting by Miss Elizabeth Green of a grape-vine caught the eye, and farther on were two panels, by the same lady, of branches of an apple-tree and sprays of lilacs (161, 162). The first of these subjects, five or six feet high, was composed of bunches of purple grapes and vine-leaves, intermingled with the foliage of trees, and the picture resembled one of the thickets upon which one sometimes chances in a tangled corner of a garden. Every person fond of Nature can recall what a rich bouquet of colour such a combination presents, when, amid the red autumn sumac or maple leaves, and dried boughs heavy with fruit, one sees the damp, hazy hollows which appear between these masses of colour in the empty spaces filled with shadows and green moss. In the confusion of aim among so many of our artists, it is interesting to trace the influence of conflicting ideas; and so, while Miss Green's panel of the lilacs is breezy, and one might fancy almost fragrant, with its great branches of purple flowers swinging against the sky, in the apple-tree panel the fruit is conventional, and so unnatural with its red and yellow apples, which dangle like balls in every queer way, that the spectator feels as if the picture might have been copied from a mediæval illumination of fruit in the Garden of Eden.

'Winter' (No. 2), by Mr. Richard Gross, is represented in the hoary portrait of an old, wrinkled man's head, upon which the light is well diffused. Compared with the slovenly work one so often sees, this head charmed the spectator with the well-drawn forms of the thin, weather-beaten face, and the careful anatomy of bones and muscles, which gave evidence of real study so superior to quick and impatient effects.

The largest and most important picture on this side of the room was a portrait of Professor Gross (No. 7), surrounded by half a dozen medical students in a dissecting-room, by Eakins. Many of our readers will recall to mind Reynaud's painting of a decapitation in the gallery of the Luxemburg, and will remember the fiendish expression of the murdered man as he gazes up with a look still full of life into the face of his murderer. Pools of blood cover the floor, and their truth to nature renders this one of the most disgusting of modern works of Art. The picture of the dissecting-

room by Eakins has many of the same revolting features, and the surgery and the red dabbings were not offset, in the judgment of most visitors to the exhibition, by the great skill shown in the beautiful modelling of the hands, or even by the animated and eager interest depicted on the countenances of the young men who surround the professor. There is a great deal of good composition in the massing of lights and shadows in this picture which cannot fail to commend itself; but the least critical person must have found the colour of the background black and disagreeable; and to sensitive and instinctively artistic natures such a treatment as this one, of such a subject, must be felt as a degradation of Art. In Rembrandt's famous picture, in Holland, of the doctors over a dead body, the reality of the corpse is so subordinated as to have scarcely more life than a statue, while nothing of the internal structure of the body brings its conditions vividly to the mind of the spectator; but this painting is considered to trench on the limits of the æsthetic, though it is ennobled by fine colour and by an admirable group of portraits.

There was a class of sketches in the exhibition that sadly bewildered people ignorant of technique, and who went to the Kurtz Gallery prepared to find just standards of Art. The question could not but disturb them, in what the excellence of many of these sketches could consist. They looked at such a painting as 'A Summer Impression' (No. 9), at 'Spring-Time Effect' (No. 76), and others of a like sort, and to these questioners Nature must indeed have seemed curiously conceived by the painters. In the 'Summer Impression' was seen a hard, green, monotonous stretch of paint under an equally hard and cold strip of blue, where no variety of texture in either green or blue showed distance, atmospheric effect, or any knowledge of the shimmer of summer heat or green grass or blue sky. This sketch we believe to be the result of ignorance of how to produce these effects, but we do not believe the artist omitted these characteristics because he despised them. So, too, in the 'Spring-Time Effect.' We think no painter skilful in rendering local light and shade would have preferred to make field, trees, and figure, as in this sketch, so entirely without substance that they appeared flat and thin, like disagreeably-coloured paper.

Mr. John La Farge is in the highest sense an impressionist, if that word signifies the conveying to others the *feeling* produced by any scene or object in Nature. His cactus-flower lying in a shell (115), and the japonicas in their dish, are as distinct and poetical in feeling as the flowers in Tennyson's rhyme of

"The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dosed on the lea;"

and these flowers are fit for George Herbert's garden, "prim-rosed and hung with shade," and are sisters of the rose of Sharon and the lily-of-the-valley, and all flowers in all poetry; yet they have every form delicately and conscientiously portrayed, as well as every tint and every bloom that a poet-artist could discover in his closest study of Nature. There is no slap-dash here, but every true *impression* is added and superadded, one succeeding another, to build up these lovely paintings. People *like* these flowers, and any artist could tell them why they do; for the flowers are thoroughly developed in texture, form, light and shade, and colour, which characteristics are all in keeping with each other. Mr. La Farge has been accustomed to draw delicate forms, and he can reproduce them when he sees them, and he has studied pigments till he can apply colours so as to precisely carry out his thoughts.

The sketches by Twachtman, 'View near Cincinnati' (112), Venetian sketch (118), and one or two others, were very vigorous effects rapidly laid in. The houses in these sketches were suggestive rather than complete, the water was also touched only in one or two of its qualities, and the great hull of a vessel in one of the Venetian sketches was chiefly valuable as a study of colour in a scale of black-and-white into which were woven reds and yellows of sails. The satisfactory points of all these sketches—and we think they had more merit than any others in the collection—were the agreeable massing of light and shadow, the positive and knowing way in which bits of light and dark were made to tell against each other, and an agreeable effect of daylight in all. One of the most discouraging things that can be said to an amateur is, that his "picture will be good when it is *finished*." The truth is, pictures must be agreeable in their first stages if they are ever to be so; for then the painter has not had an opportunity to spoil them by weakening his effects. Many a person can "dash" in a sketch well or lay in the first stage of his picture, but it is only the really accomplished artist who can carry on his painting to complete finish, and preserve its freshness and excellence to the end. Twachtman has dashed in his sketches admirably, but nothing of his in the exhibition denoted whether he knew how to carry his work further.

One of the most conspicuously hung pictures was J. Alden Weir's 'In the Park' (63), composed of a group of figures—a young man reading a newspaper, a blind beggar, a handsome young girl in a street-costume, besides a little flower-girl with her bunches of violets and two or three men behind them. The group had a good deal of fine study in the heads, and all excepting the little girl, who appeared to have neither bones nor muscles beneath her pale white skin, were painted with force and care. The critics in the papers found much fault with the composition of this painting, but it appeared to us to lack not so much good arrangement and grouping as proper gradations of light from one face to another, to make it an agreeable and sustained composition. The young lady's face and her bonnet and blue dress were so high-keyed as to form the only really bright spot in the big, grey-hued canvas; and immediately from this unsupported mass of light the eye travelled to dim, clasped hands, and faces which formed monotonous spots in the canvas, but did not lead gradually from the darkness into the light. This gradation is the usual object of *spots* in a composition, but here they were all of nearly the same grey-ness.

According to the French saying, that some things "go without saying," the visitors to this exhibition looked at certain of the paintings without a doubt that they were really satisfactory. Foremost among these, where the artistic points were well understood, were the landscapes of Wyant, Colman, Gifford, and Inness; and among the works of the new men were Shirlaw's pictures and some of the heads by Sartain. Of these paintings there could be no question. Colour, drawing, composition, and *chiaro-oscuro*, were attended to; and, when all is said that can be said, these are as much the *form* of Art as nouns, verbs, and adjectives, are the body of composition either in speech or writing. Walter Shirlaw's 'Head' (No. 86), and his study of two women's figures (No. 134), were really very beautiful in their absence of meretricious show, their modest but solid drawing, and their subdued and rich colour, which were always held in subordination to the general plan and tone of the picture and the just distribution of light in every part. If "order is Heaven's first law," there is certainly no department of existence where it is of more vital importance than in Art, of which it is, in-

deed, the very fundamental principle. In looking at the two women in No. 134, the beautiful balance of colours, the firm drawing of the sinewy arms, and the heavy face of one of the women, with the feeling of their having bodies under the kerchiefs and the blue gowns and caps, while the whole was united under a well-diffused light, could not but excite respect for the sobriety and modesty of an artist who could ignore striking but false effects which this painting showed he could easily have produced.

A great deal of sweet feeling was shown in the conception of 'The Mirror' (No. 100), and a tender, gentle woman was softly rendered; the look that the figure lacked weight was due to some defects in the anatomy, and apparently, too, the artist did not sufficiently consider the centre of gravity in the woman's body, and her flesh was hot and foxy. George Fuller, in a 'Head of a Boy' (No. 141), gave a quiet and lovely painting, with a portrait as delicate and ideal as a Sir Joshua Reynolds. A fault of drawing in the position of the angle of the eyes is the only defect in this otherwise lovely head.

A very strong picture was that by William M. Chase of the artist Duveneck (No. 82), in which the latter is represented sitting on the side of a chair whose back is turned to the spectator. The composition, rather a peculiar one, was designed to avoid the awkwardness of rendering the entire figure, and this arrangement allowed only Duveneck's head, hands, and feet, to appear. Mr. Chase's study of the Baptistry of St. Mark's was really a still-life study of brass, marble, and other substances.

Among the technically best pictures in the entire collection was Miss Cassatt's portrait (No. 99), a capitally drawn figure of an agreeable-looking, middle-aged lady, with a clear skin over her well-formed features, and with soft, brown, wavy hair. It is pleasant to see how well an ordinary person dressed in an ordinary way can be made to look; and we think nobody seeing this lady reading a newspaper through her shell "nippers," and seated so composedly in her white morning-dress, could have failed to like this well-drawn, well-lighted, well-anatomised, and well-composed painting. There was no pretence to a subtle combination of colour in it, of which in her other pictures Miss Cassatt often makes very interesting studies, and one of them is shown in 'The Mandolin-Player,' but we think there are few people, whether artists or tyros in Art, but would be glad to be so agreeably immortalised.

Homer D. Martin exhibited several pictures of atmospheric effects, the most important of which was 'Evening on the Thames,' where across a stretch of misty-looking water a yellow, golden sky was seen, and it somewhat suggested the atmosphere of Claude, though it lacked his delicate tones.

Duveneck's pictures were very meritorious in many ways, but his 'Lady with Fan' (No. 77) and 'Gertrude' had, in the former, the nose seen too much in profile for the rest of the face, and in 'Gertrude' the light on the soft face and bosom were disproportionately bright for the neutral hue of the hands.

There was good colour in Helena DeKay's 'Flowers' (No. 119). Miss Oakey's study of a gentleman was well composed for light and shade and well coloured, but looked as if he would drop to pieces the moment he rose from his chair. W. F. Macy and F. S. Church had excellent and thoughtful landscapes.

No. 117, by James Whistler, attracted much attention. It was an interior of very deep-coloured brown. It might about as well have been in black-and-white, and the peculiar touch would have harmonised well with an etching. An old half-seen woman and an elfish-looking man sat on opposite sides of the room, which was dimly lighted. The picture would have had little interest for the ordinary visitor, but to artists the deft way in which the figures were dragged in with dry paint across "tacky" surfaces formed an interesting study.

The pictures we have described really represented the important thought of the exhibition, wherein it differed from the spirit of the pictures at the Academy. Inness's two landscapes, in which sunshine and shadow, mountains, trees, and clouds, were strongly and brilliantly portrayed, were compositions such as have always ranked his pictures among the first in the Academy exhibitions. So, too, R. Swain Gifford's sunny reaches of meadow and sea indicate no new departure in thought from those he has exhibited of late years at the Academy, where they are among the chief ornaments.

The twenty or more medallions and miniature busts by Warner, St. Gaudens, and O'Donovan, were treated from the picturesque

and not the classical standard; and as such the irregularity of feature, the accidental effects of form in hair and dress, and the realism of irregular faces, gave much charm to most of these portrait bas-reliefs. The artists were either very earnest, or they knew so

well how to take advantage of accidental points, that, though they perhaps had no more experience than the painters of the exhibition, their works seemed generally more complete and artistic.

S. N. CARTER.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



THE fifty-fourth exhibition of the Academy of Design opened April 1st, with about six hundred paintings. The pictures of merit are nearly equally scattered through the various rooms and the corridor; and, but that the broken light in the corridor neutralises the effect of some very good paintings, hardly any choice can be made between one section and another. In former years, the hanging-committee consigned what they considered the worst specimens of work to the sky-line, but this season the positions of the different works of Art are very much mixed up, and good paintings are seen very high on the walls, and undoubtedly poor ones on the "line."

Mr. Huntington is represented by two characteristic works, the portraits of a lady and of Bishop Williams. The former is a pleasing and ambitious effort in its general effect, and has a good quality of colour. But it is defective in modelling, and lacks solidity and firmness of drawing. The latter is in every respect the more satisfactory work of the two. Near to it is a very vigorous full-length likeness of Dr. Brinton by Eakins. The pose is natural and effective, and it is in every respect a more favourable example of this artist's abilities than his much-talked-of composition representing a dissecting-room. It is cause for regret that this able artist does not adopt a less smoky scheme of colours.

Mrs. Henry Peters Gray contributes a portrait painted with good effect on a plaque, fairly representing the excellence already achieved in America in this department. Mrs. Loop is represented by several very pleasing portraits, good in texture and colour, including the idyllic picture of a child among the daisies. Mr. Loop's fanciful composition, called 'Echo,' suggests a painting of the same by Cabanel.

The venerable Academician, Robert L. Weir, it seems continues to wield the brush, and has several pleasing, carefully drawn paintings here, of which the one entitled 'Christ on his way to Emmaus' was painted this year.

Mr. G. H. Story sends a portrait that is characterised by freshness of treatment, giving a strong impression of nature. J. Alden Weir has a portrait of a young lady which has more life and expression than we see in many of his faces. The difficulty with many of the new men, as they are called, is not that they do not know how to use colour, that they are deficient in the technical requirements of Art, but that they rest their efforts there. Either because they lack the intellectual perception and strength to penetrate to the soul and read the character of which flesh and bones are only the clothing, or because they think surface is sufficient, the fact remains that in too many of these cleverly painted heads of the Paris and Munich School of American Art we see no character, no force, beyond the cleverness of the *technique*. Such, for example, is something the case with the painting entitled 'The Coquette,' by the generally clever artist William M. Chase. The face is well enough painted. Texture, and colour, and form, are all there, and yet there is something wanting. For a coquette who breaks hearts, and drags love-smitten swains at her chariot-wheels, by the mere force of her fascinations, she is strangely lacking in animation. She does not look very dangerous. The fan she holds in her hand, by-the-way, which is the key to the story, is a Japanese paper fan, such as we have seen by the million the last few years. But she is dressed in the quaint garb of quite two centuries ago, when it may well be questioned whether such a thing as a Japanese paper fan was known in Christendom. Porter, of Boston, has never been better represented at the Academy than by his portrait of a lady in the South Room. In the same gallery are two ambitious full-length portraits by Beckwith, which are full of promise. The one of a lady in a red robe is the most striking

of the two; they both, however, have the defect of appearing to be cut out and set on the canvas. An artist of so much merit can easily overcome this defect. Duveneck, on the other hand, in his portrait of a gentleman in old-time costume, has fallen into the opposite extreme. The sombre figure so melts into the dark background as to be nearly lost, while the face is by comparison so distinct as to look like a spot. Undoubtedly there is great richness in this style, if not carried to excess. But it should be remembered that neither Velasquez nor Rembrandt painted his works in the low tone in which we now see them, while the features have mellowed as well as the figure and background, and thus the whole is in harmony.

The position of honour in the main room has been accorded to a very interesting work by McEntee, 'Clouds' (No. 336), in which billows of grey mist and cloud roll low over a great stretch of brown moorland. For some years "simple subjects" "simply treated" have been the ambition of many of the best native and foreign artists, and it is very well worth while to observe how various artists have conceived their subjects. In some pictures we confess to have found that the imagination of the painter had been very empty, and the mere subject stated all there was to tell. But in this McEntee, though there are only two ostensible facts of clouds and moorland, the artist has dwelt on his theme as a musician in a symphony dwells on the simple airs that pervade it; and clouds with McEntee mean vapour at different heights saturated with light, or dim with density, across which the wind drives the small, low scud, and the piles of cumulus cloud spread far off across the land, gaining new space with each varied form. The brown, dreary land, which would be as desolate as a scene in Dante, with its barren expanse, is softened in its rugged features by the exquisite tints of colour, that transfigure the brown herbage, and by streaks of light, which show that—

"Though he's hidden, still the sun is shining."

Hanging by this picture is George Fuller's 'A Romany Girl' (No. 335), a beautifully-toned, brown study of a gipsy, which is charming, with its graceful, half-shy face and figure, its dark, rich colours, and its half-realistic, half-poetical rendering. 'And she was a Witch' (No. 431), by the same artist, is a scene in a dim wood. There are many trees, but between their trunks little glimpses of sunshine appear on grassy banks and green undergrowth. The dimness of the wood is pervaded by a soft, hazy light, and a graceful girl knocking at a cottage-door, which is embowered in the trees, and a few figures that appear in the distance through the foliage, recall curiously to mind *Rosalind* and *Celia* in the Forest of Arden, where, in Shakespeare's "As you like it," the two heroines wander in the weird wood. The general hue of this picture is a yellow, misty green, and at first seems very peculiar; but, as the eye becomes accustomed to it, and penetrates into its recesses, this misty hue is recognised as a vital part of the painting.

A picture by Winslow Homer, 'Upland-Cotton' (No. 393), a scene on a Southern plantation, is a remarkable penetration of Japanese thought into American expression. The cotton-plants are straggling across a footpath, in which are two negro women, with their heavy, Oriental figures clad in strong, rich colours. One woman stands upright, with her turbaned head swung back, outlined against a thin, hot sky. The other woman is stooping over and gathering the cotton-pods, and her rounded back seems to bear the burden of all the toil of her race. Down close into the foreground of the canvas the cotton-plant is painted, and for crispness and delicacy of drawing, and in the variously developed cotton-pods, from where the wool hangs out of the dry

pod, to the half-opened and still unclosed buds, each pod is painted as if doing it was all the artist had ever cared for. The picture is a superb piece of decoration, with its deep, queer colours like the Japanese dull greens, dim reds, and strange, neutral blues and pinks. Japanese Art is not gorgeous, like the Turkish and Persian, but its peculiar and artistic subtlety has been assimilated precisely by Mr. Homer. This picture seems to us original and important as an example of new thought. Another work of this artist, 'Sundown' (No. 347), is a girl on the seashore, which is much more strong in effect than this one, and is painted with a very great range in the scale of colour and light and shade. Perhaps many of our readers will have observed the violent effect of sunset from the seashore; when, against a bank of dark clouds, which dims into an indigo-colour the long line of the ocean, out of the darkness, like magic, sails and near objects on the seashore start into life—when the glancing beams of the setting sun strike upon them, and sails of ships near and distant, and bits of rock and any stray figure wandering on the beach, appear as if transfigured. This sudden and fierce glow has the splendour of a stage effect under calcium-light, but it is, nevertheless, a true effect of one of the phases of Nature. Such a moment as this is that which Mr. Homer has caught and fixed upon his canvas, and out of the dark, indigo sea and sky, cold with the breeze of the nearing night, a ship, with its sails set, the curling, white crests of the great rollers breaking on the beach, and a solitary woman holding a sea-shell in her hand, shine with lurid brightness as a last sunbeam touches them. 'The Shepherdess of Houghton Farm,' by Mr. Homer, is a charming idyll, full of sentiment and delicate beauty.

George Inness has several landscapes, the largest being 'The Old-Time Sketching-Ground, North Conway' (No. 360). The scene is a spring day in North Conway, with the great range of Mount Washington standing off in a distance, the peaks of which are clad in snow, which fills the ridges of the mountain-side quite far down towards the valley. The flush of colour in the middle distance is really exquisite; but the mountains tower to an inconceivable height, and the foreground tree-forms are forced into strange and impossible shapes. Inness always has great poetical feeling in what he paints, and the sense of freshness is never lacking to any canvas of his.

James M. Hart (No. 335) shows a large canvas with a herd of cattle in a country-road, which is overshadowed by trees, and with a fine landscape. The landscape itself would make an attractive picture, and here it is combined with many cows and bulls, the foremost of whom are spirited and full of motion as they push one another along with heads upon each other's backs and horns thrown up; while a dog in the foreground barks, and scares along the struggling herd. It is unfortunately somewhat hard in feeling. A large painting by Thomas Moran, 'Ponce de Leon in Florida' (No. 317), is the most ambitious landscape in the exhibition. There is shown a vast deal of earnest work and high purpose, and, if the result is not wholly satisfactory, much must be conceded to the difficulties of the plan.

No. 329, by Wyant, a landscape with a strong oak-tree in the foreground, and a soft sky above a far-reaching space of meadow and distance, is an admirable specimen of the artist's work; and 'Sundown' (341), by Robert C. Minor, has great beauty, atmosphere, and poetic feeling.

A most delightful little painting by J. S. Sargent (No. 431), 'Neapolitan Children bathing,' is an imitation, or, perhaps we should say, an adaptation, from some of the Spanish-Roman work. Three or four naked little boys, with big heads and legs slender, and bodies thin, are playing on the seashore with great transparent balls, very likely sunfish. The colour of this little painting is most exquisite as a palette of tints, with its azure sea, its white waves—as white and soft as down—combined with the lovely flesh-tints of the children; while the light colour which nearly everywhere fills the canvas is balanced and contrasted with almost positively purple, dark shadows under the little, soft bodies of the young boys who sprawl upon the sand, joyously and comically playing together.

George H. Smillie exhibits a group—'A Goat-Pasture' (No. 389)—of dark cedar-trees perched on the top of a bare rocky bit of pasture-land, across whose scant, thin herbage a footpath is worn down to the granite structure of the hill which the vegetation

scarcely covers anywhere. There is a grim strength in this mass of tough evergreens, clinging close together to resist storm and wind; and their black branches stretch out against a white sky, cold and hard as the earth in which the trees are rooted.

James D. Smillie has two excellent landscapes, and 'Up the Hill' (No. 186) is somewhat of the same character as his brother's 'Goat-Pasture.' In 'Up the Hill,' the spectator sees dark cedars against a pale sky, while delicate shadows rest upon the snow-covered road which leads to the hilltop. This painting is much stronger and more simple in its treatment, both of subject and colour, than most of the artist's former work. It is much less broken up with detached details, but the quality of the trees and the tender texture of the sky are felt and rendered very charmingly.

R. Swain Gifford has four pictures, and the unity of each one is very excellent, both in its harmony of colour and the agreeableness of the light and shadow. The pictures are all of New England coast scenery, and gnarled trees silhouetted against grey, vaporous skies, old hay-carts with quiet oxen, and hay-cocks stacked by rail fences, and near the old trees of an orchard, show how sincerely the artist's fancy loves to dwell upon these picturesque and characteristic phases of New England life. In 'Near the Farmhouse' (No. 459) we think Mr. Gifford has introduced qualities not before seen in his paintings. Across the middle of the grey sky he produced, by some new texture or handling, a wonderfully delicate and lovely effect of tender distance; and into the near foreground he has brought down the glowing luminousness we have always admired in his middle distance, but have never before seen carried out so well throughout the picture.

'The Yellow Carn of Cornwall' (No. 235), by W. T. Richards, has all that close pre-Raphaelite fidelity that marks his paintings. 'Lake Nemi' (No. 490), by J. F. Cropsey, exhibits that munificence of colour that this artist is so fond of. His paintings, which are always well composed, and have many technical excellences, would be more satisfactory if executed in a lower tone. Sanford Gifford's 'Seashore' (No. 230) exhibits that marvellous and exquisite atmospheric effect which we find in all his paintings. The distance melts into a haze of indescribable softness and tenderness.

'On the Old Sod' (No. 380), by William McGrath, is a very harmonious study, in browns, of the figure of an old farmer in his bent hat and weather-beaten clothes. He is standing with his back towards the spectator, and watching his sheep and geese. One of the most excellent pieces of painting, as it is certainly one of the most popular subjects in the exhibition, is Mr. Guy's 'Bedtime Story' (No. 242). A thorough picture of child-life, we think nobody but a father could have made such a painting as this. For here appear, in their small bed, two baby children, some four or five years old, cuddled up close together, and with their little brown heads sticking up beyond the heavy white counterpane, which their own movements and those of their big sister have pushed partly down upon the floor. At the foot of the bed sits the older sister, a girl of ten or twelve years, and she is telling them a story out of a book, which she holds in her hand. The nice, bright girl, in her brown frock and neat hair, is just such a child as one sees and likes to see every day, and nobody fond of children can help sympathising with and loving the wide-eyed little ones, who listen eagerly to the tale which is being told.

Arthur Quartley exhibits five pictures. Each year his work improves, both in quality of colour and artistic touch. There was a time when his paintings were spotted and crude, but nearly every canvas we see of his has gained in unity of treatment, and the light upon the water, and the pleasant coloured boats and vessels, always make his pictures cheerful as companions in a parlour or library.

Samuel Colman has this year two canvases, and one of them, 'The Arab Caravansary,' is an Oriental scene painted in Mr. Colman's opalescent palette. Camels and turbaned men are ranged against an old wall, and to the side of them a gateway, with a horseshoe arch above it, affords a glimpse, through its old, worn, cream-coloured stone, of an exquisite bit of landscape.

Eastman Johnson's 'New England Pedlar' (No. 162) is better than many of his recent *genre* pictures. Not so important in size or subject as his 'Corn-Husking' of a year or two ago, the two figures in it, the young girl and the old pedlar, form a charming group. One of the most agreeable pieces of colour, and with the best manipulation of the paint to be seen anywhere, the girl is

delightful. Walter Shirlaw has some very fine studies of heads; and his 'Burgomaster' (No. 122) is as positive in its handling as that of an old master. Dielman's 'Newsboy' (No. 193) is as charming as one of Eastman Johnson's figures of children.

James Muniney has a remarkably brilliant and well-painted head of an old man (No. 159), which is almost Rembrandt-like in the variety of its planes of light and shadow, which model so carefully the furrowed and heavy cheeks and the deeply-seamed features. The paint is also laid on the canvas with great precision, and perhaps this picture may be truly regarded as the best head in the exhibition.

Mr. Schuchardt's 'Nydia'—Bulwer's heroine of "The Last Days of Pompeii"—is an excellent ideal of that beautiful character. Mr. Edward Moran's 'Homeward' (No. 337), a picture of a Breton girl on the seashore, is a fresh thought from this artist's pencil. The figure is well drawn, and has marked truth of motion. 'After the Crucifixion' (No. 367) by B. F. Reinhart, is a carefully studied painting that challenges by its subject severe comparison. It is well managed in grouping; the dead Christ has all the rigidity but not the pallor of death, and a tint pervades the picture which is not altogether pleasant. But it shows earnest and strong work.

Among other painters who show the result of new and good thought is Van Elten. 'New Milford, Connecticut' (No. 241), has a very brilliant treatment of a distant meadow and village, where the lights on the buildings and upon the trees sparkle in their contrasts with the heavy shadow which cuts them up crisply.

Louis H. Tiffany has some very agreeable paintings in grey colours. One of them, 'Harvesting' (No. 255), shows the reapers on the edge of a grain-field, beyond which a row of apple-trees

and old farm-buildings cuts against the silvery light of the sky. His picture 'By the Market-Wall' (No. 362) is also an interesting study of people and horses, and into the prevailing hue of grey Mr. Tiffany has worked very rich tints of colour in the dress of the men and the trappings of the horses. Yet he has kept these brilliant hues so small in quantity that at a short distance they blend into the neutral hue which dominates the painting.

Of still-life there is less than usual in the present exhibition. 'Flowers in a Japanese Vase,' and 'Peonies,' by Mr. La Farge, are rendered in the superb manner peculiar to an artist who in this department has almost created an art of his own.

The sculpture and water-colours and studies in black-and-white occupy the library-room of the Academy, and are very few in number. 'The Bath,' by J. S. Hartley, is the largest and most important piece of sculpture, and represents a half-nude woman and her child. The face of the woman is a sweet one, and the general lines of the figures are graceful. Warner's busts are in his usual style of picturesque portraiture, and O'Donovan's likeness of R. Swain Gifford is treated with the realistic fidelity which has lately given Mr. O'Donovan such a high reputation. Among the water-colour drawings, Muhrman's are in the same broad and brilliant style of those which he had in the Water-Colour Exhibition this last winter.

On the whole, we think the exhibition of this year a successful one. It has no very marked or striking paintings like Shirlaw's 'Sheep-Shearing' two years since, and the best pictures are generally not in a brilliant scale of colour. But qualities of harmony in colour and composition, simplicity of subject combined with poetical feeling, and a general absence of meretricious effect, indicate that our artists are working in a good direction.

NOTES.

THE SPENCER COLLECTION AND ITS PRICES.—The most important sale of paintings which has taken place in New York this season came off on Thursday, April 3rd, at the Clinton Hall sales-rooms. Among the buyers, connoisseurs, and dealers present were C. A. Waite, O. B. Munn, Marshall O. Roberts, Schaus, Avery, Cohen, C. P. Huntington, Mr. Butler, of the Sixth Avenue Railway, and Hazelstine, of Philadelphia. The collection was that formed by Mr. Albert Spencer. There were seventy-one pictures in the collection, and the sale realized a total of \$82,430. The pictures that brought \$1,000, or over, were as follows: G. Boldini's 'Les Parisiennes,' \$2,100; G. Boldini's 'Matador and Sweetheart,' \$1,700; G. Boldini's 'The Garden Seat Empire,' \$1,350; E. Bon Marché's 'Cows in a Pool,' \$1,250; W. A. Bouguereau's 'The Violet,' \$1,100; A. Cabanel's 'Ophelia,' \$1,150; J. B. C. Corot's 'Landscape,' \$1,375; T. Couture's 'Coming from the Fields,' \$1,100; A. De Neuville's 'French Sharpshooters,' \$1,125; N. Diaz's 'Blindman's Buff,' \$4,900; N. Diaz's 'Forest of Fontainebleau,' \$2,300; N. Diaz's 'Plains of Barbizon,' \$1,725; Jules Dupré's 'Morning,' \$1,125; Léon Escosura's 'A Game of Chess,' \$1,300; J. L. Gérôme's 'Keeper of the Hounds,' \$6,000; Charles Jacques's 'Landscape and Sheep,' \$1,650; C. F. Jolbert's 'Romeo and Juliet,' \$1,000; R. de Madrazo's 'The Butterflies,' \$1,150; R. de Madrazo's 'Entrance to a Spanish Church,' \$5,350; J. L. E. Meissonier's 'A Republican Sentinel,' \$2,100; J. L. E. Meissonier's 'Cavalier, Time of Louis XIII.,' \$2,000; Hugues Merlé's 'Once upon a Time,' \$2,200; J. F. Millet's 'Shepherdess of Barbizon,' \$2,500; A. Pasini's 'Mosque of St. Sophia,' \$2,500; M. D. Rico's 'New Charters,' \$1,025; Adolphe Schreyer's 'Winter Travel' (Russia), \$4,500; Adolphe Schreyer's 'Arabs resting,' \$2,500; Adolphe Schreyer's 'A Bulgarian Train,' \$1,800; E. Van Murcke's 'Cattle in a Meadow,' \$1,800; Otto Van Thoren's 'The Coming Storm,' \$1,300; J. G. Vibert's 'Composing a Sermon,' \$1,500.

THOMAS COUTURE.—This artist, who died in Paris on the 31st of March, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, was one of the leading painters of the century. He was a pupil of Gros and Delaroche, but by no means an imitator of them. Indeed, his principal triumphs were at the widest departure from the ideas and methods of those masters. 'The Romans of the Decadence,' now in the Luxembourg, was perhaps the earliest of his most famous works. Mr. John Taylor Johnston's collection contained a head of a woman by him. In the Boston Art Museum, one of his studies, entitled 'Two Volunteers of the French Revolution,' is very often copied by students. Mr. William T. Walters, of Balti-

more, owns one of his figure-pieces—a man seated near a harp hung with a laurel-wreath. The Albert Spencer collection, recently sold in New York, contained a thoughtful, low-toned figure, called 'Coming from the Fields.' Couture was a profound colourist, and a foe to conventionalism. Some years ago he printed a book under the title of "Entretiens d'Atelier," which achieved considerable distinction as a presentation of the principles of Art. Several well-known American artists, notably Mr. Daniel Huntington, Mr. Thomas Hicks, Mr. William M. Hunt, and Mr. E. W. Perry, were pupils of his. To the author of "American Painters" Mr. Huntington described Couture's methods of work as follows: "After making the outline of his picture in charcoal, oil, and turpentine, Couture rubbed over the canvas a transparent warm tint of a deep-toned salmon-colour. Next, with another warm tint, he deepened the strongest shadows of the sketch, developing the light and shade. Next, he painted with a neutral grey, inclining to green, the masses of shadow in the flesh, and into that neutral grey dragged some bloody tints, giving a fleshy illumination. Where the masses of light in the flesh were to be he first painted in a lower tone, rather negative and grey, and over that spread or dragged some very solid colour, warm and rich. The under-painting in each case shone through in little specks, giving sparkle and life to the surface, and the whole treatment was as easy as it was masterly.

"**ARTISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND THEIR WORKS,**" by Clara Erskine Clement and Laurence Hutton, is a handbook of biographical sketches of American and European artists of the present century, numbering in all 2,050 names. This work is really, as it is described, "a perfect cyclopædia of information concerning the lives, styles, schools, and works" of artists of the period it purports to cover. "Including so many subjects," says the prospectus, "it cannot within the limits of two volumes discuss artists and schools of Art exhaustively; indeed, such discussion is not the object of the work, but to embrace in convenient compass such personal, characteristic, and artistic facts regarding artists of the century as will make the work indispensable for reference, and a great convenience for artists and Art-lovers and students. Critical estimates from competent authorities, and full indexes, add largely to the value and practical utility of the work." Such examination of the work as we have been enabled to give it assures us that the task undertaken by Mrs. Clement and Mr. Hutton has been performed with great care, diligence, and success. The publishers are Houghton, Osgood and Co., of Boston.

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NEW YORK, MAY, 1879.

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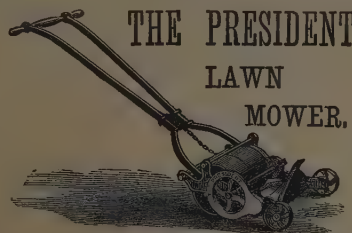
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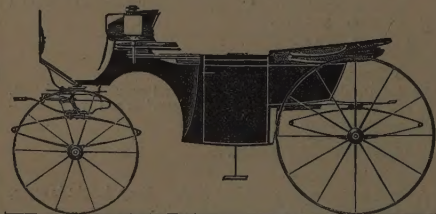
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